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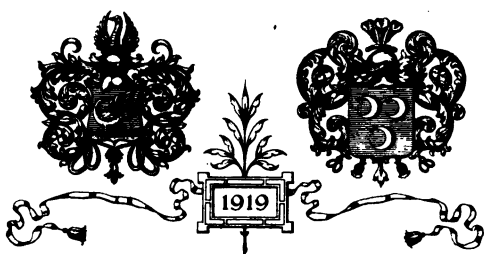
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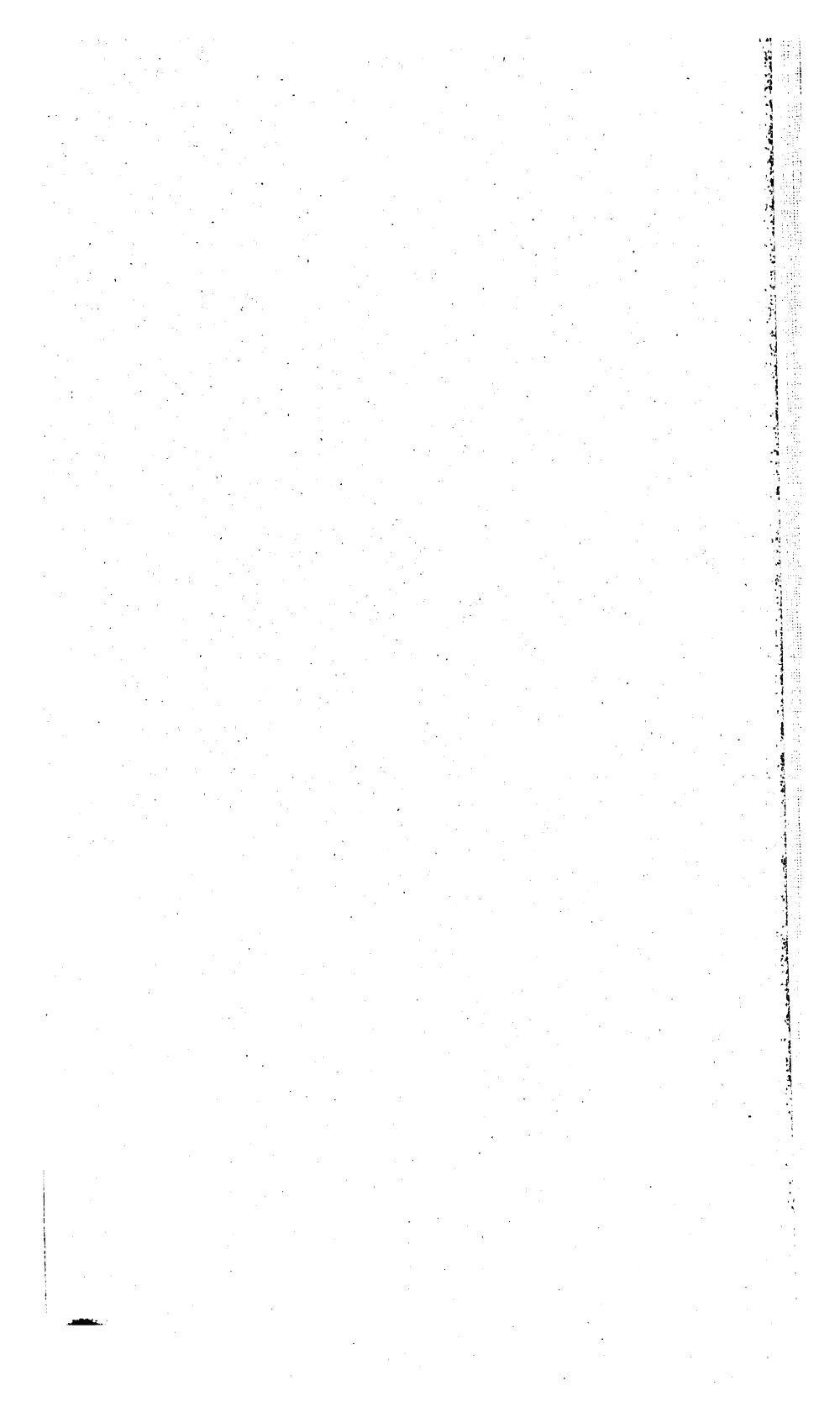
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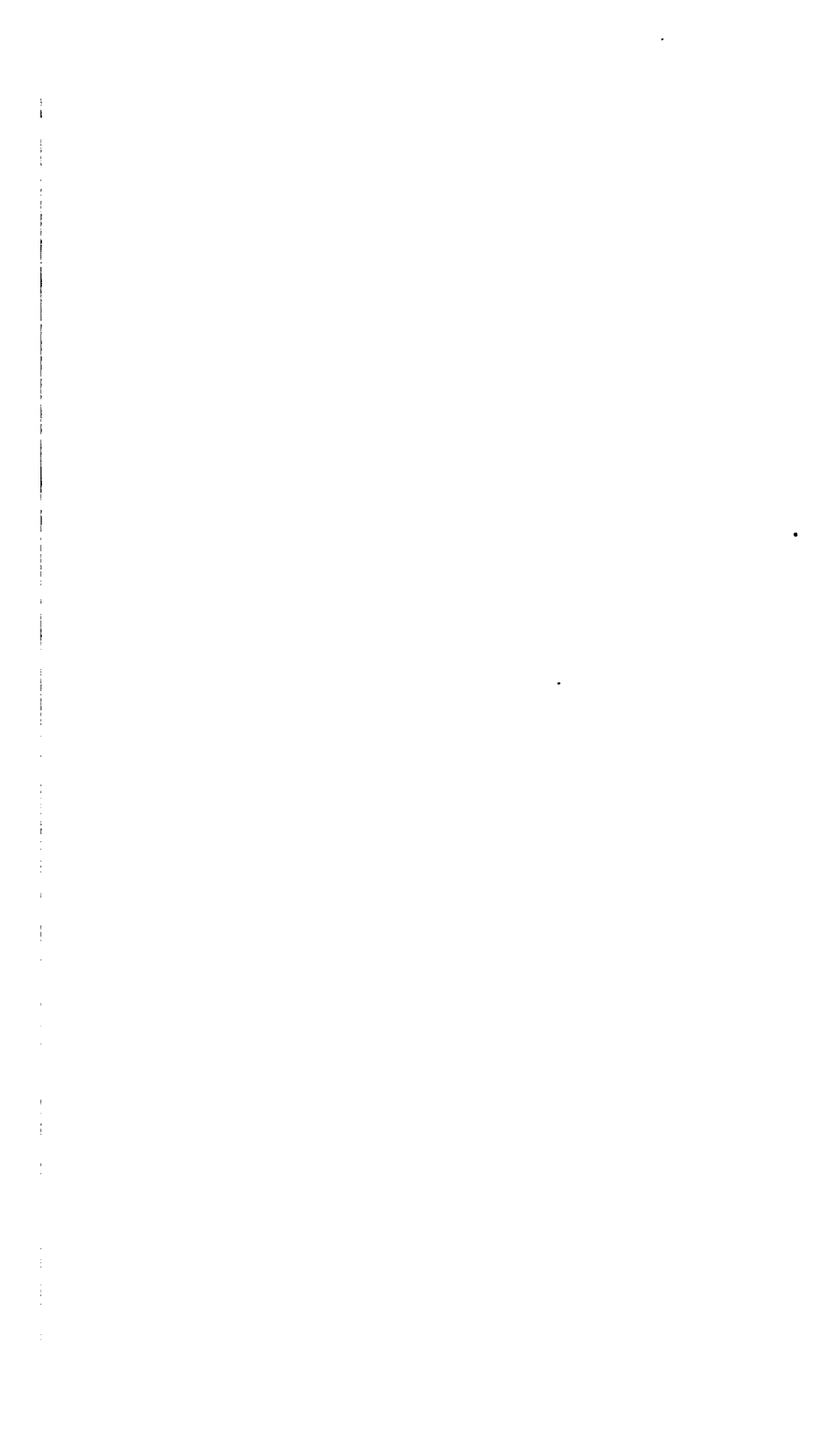
CATHERINE GANSEVOORT LANSING

*granddaughter of
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and widow of the
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THE
ORATOR'S GUIDE;

OR RULES

FOR SPEAKING AND COMPOSING;

From the best Authorities.

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED

Gift of Austin
BY E. G. WELLES, A. M.

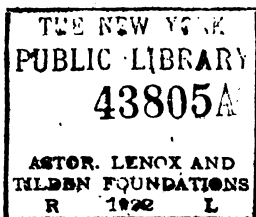
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RECOMMENDATION

By the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Rev. Dr. Wilson
and Rev. Dr. Wylie.

Messrs. Potters,

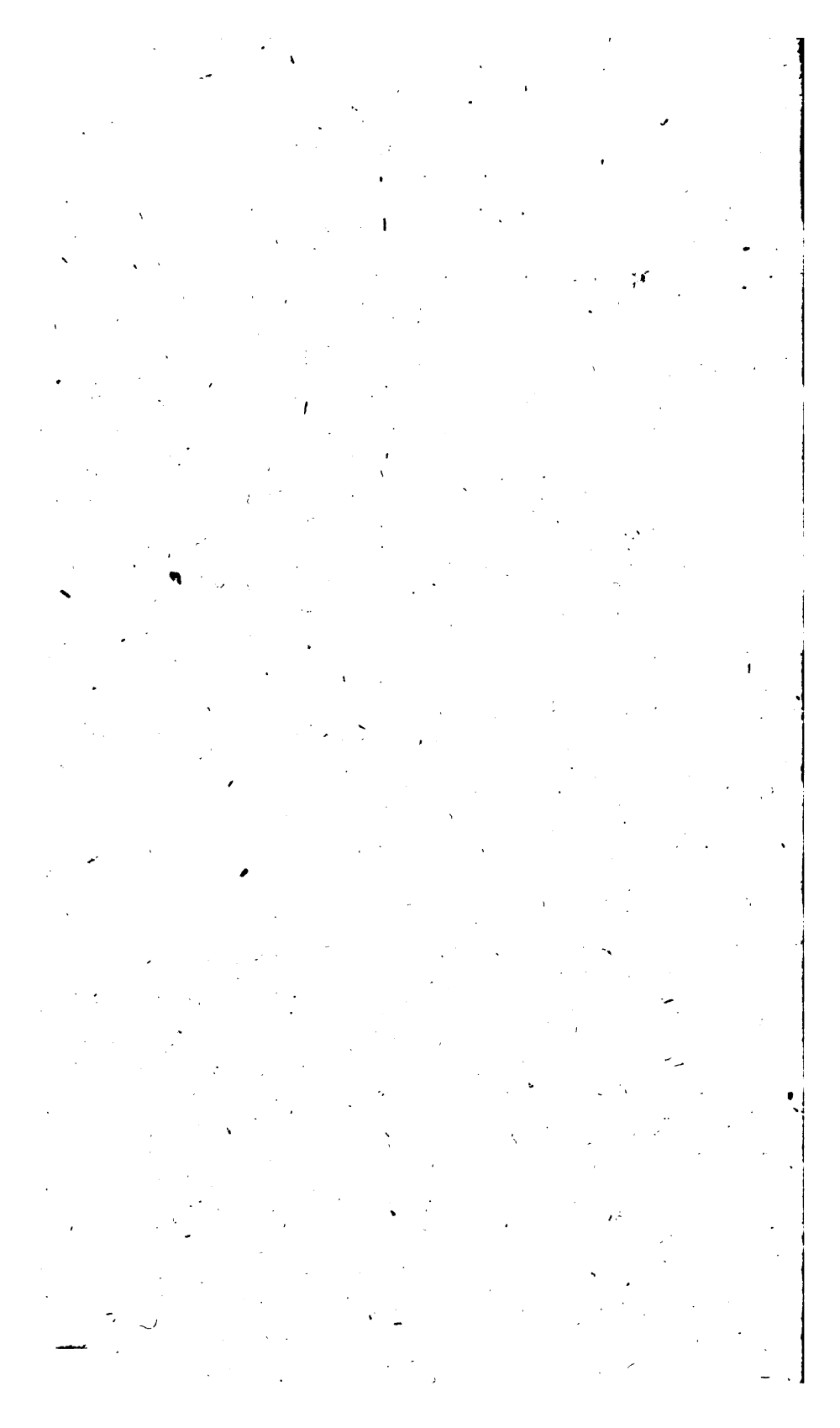
We are much pleased with the Compilation published by Mr. Welles, entitled "The Orator's Guide, or Rules for Speaking and Composing." The condensed form of it, and its execution, are, in our opinion, calculated to render it both highly interesting and extensively useful—And we cannot but hope that this work, and the other efforts of Mr. Welles to aid our youth in the study of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres, will be followed with the most happy consequences.

Jas. Abercrombie.

James P. Wilson.

Saml. B. Wylie.

Philadelphia, March 11th, 1822.



CONTENTS.

	Page
1, Advertisement	7
2, General Remarks and Rules,	9
3, Accent, Emphasis and Cadence	19
4, Gesture,	25
5, Remarks, &c. Rules to be observed in Composition,	33
6, Origin of Language,	35
7, Progress of Language and Writing,	36
8, Of Taste:—Its Characteristics and Pleasures,	41
9, Style: Perspicuity and Precision,	43
10, Classification of the several kinds of Style	45
11, Simple, Affected and Vehement Style and some directions for forming a proper style	47
12, Form of a regular discourse,	49
13, History,	51
14, Philosophical Writing,	52
15, Epistolary Writing,	53
16, Fictitious History,	53
17, Nature of Poetry—its Origin and Progress,	55
18, On the Eloquence of the Pulpit,	56

SELECTIONS, &c.

19, Extract from Lord Byron's Cain—a Mystery,	51
20, Collins' Ode on the Passions,	63
21, On Cruelty to Animals—a Tale, by Cowper,	65
22, Address to Messiah, by Cowper,	66

CONTENTS.

	Page.
23, The Power and Influence of an Individual, by President Nott, - - -	68
24, On Card Playing, by President Nott, - - -	70
25, Mr. Phillips' Address to the King - - -	76
26, Othello's Apology—Shakspeare, - - -	86
27, Brutus and Cassius—Shakspeare, - - -	85
28, On education, by the Rev. Dr. Mason - - -	87
29, On the necessity of learning in Ministers of the - Gospel, by the Rev. P. Lindsley, - - -	90
30, Messiah's Throne, a sermon preached in Tottenham Court Chapel, London, by J. M. Mason, D. D.	93

ADVERTISEMENT.

Systems of Rules for Pronunciation and Composition, are generally found connected with productions which are so large and expensive, that many of our youth often find it inconvenient to become possessed of them. Hence, utility and economy combine, to render this little compend acceptable, and, indeed, desirable, to no inconsiderable portion of the community.

The Compiler, however, is aware, that the Art of Oratory needs no encomium. But he is at the same time as well aware, that a great proportion of our youth, and some who are preparing to become public teachers, consider this an art of but inferior consequence. With a view to correct this mistake, and to diffuse the spirit of genuine Oratory among the youth of this vicinity, and excite them to cultivate the talents which God has given them, it may briefly be observed, that—Oratory, or the Art of Speaking and Reading eloquently, has been considered by the most distinguished characters of every age, to be the most important and ornamental of any ever possessed by man. The correctness of this sentiment will never be denied by intelligent and scientific men, until they shall have forgotten the blessed and glorious effects which eloquence has produced.—It is *this*, *Noble Art* which has prepared the way for the civilization and refinement of the barbarian; it is *this*, which has emancipated mil-

lions from slavery; it is *this*, which has redeemed innumerable captives; it is *this*, which has brought relief to the oppressed widow and injured orphan—and it is *to this alone*, that some are now indebted for their immortality! Should this little compend, produce a conviction, in some of the rising generation, of the importance of the compiler's object, and induce them to become correct and eloquent speakers—*verily he will have his reward,—and to all the Patrons of genuine Eloquence it is here most humbly inscribed*

By the

COMPILER.

RULES FOR SPEAKING.

General Remarks on Pronunciation.

Pronunciation, which was also called Action, was considered by the most competent judges among the ancients, as the primary part of an Orator's province—as almost the only source from which he can hope to succeed, in the Art of persuasion. When Cicero, in the person of Crassus, had discoursed in a diffuse and elegant manner upon all the other branches of Oratory, coming at last to speak of this, he said, “all the former have their effect according as they are pronounced.” It is the *action* alone which governs in speaking; without this, the best orator is of no value—and is often defeated by one, in other respects, much his inferior.” And Cicero lets us know, that the great Demosthenes was of the same opinion. When he was asked, what was the principal thing in oratory? he replied “Action,” and being asked again, a second and a third time, what was of next importance, still replied, “Action.” And indeed, had he not judged this to be highly necessary in an orator, he would never have taken so much pains, in correcting those natural defects under which he laboured at first, in order to acquire it. He had to surmount two very formidable obstacles—a weak voice, and an impediment in his speech; the latter was so great, that he could not even pronounce some particular letters. But the former of these defects he overcame, partly by speaking

as loud as in his power, upon the shore, when the sea roared and was boisterous---and partly by pronouncing long sentences as he walked up some hill. Both of these methods had a joint effect in strengthening his organs of speech ; and he also found his pronunciation to become more clear and distinct from a use of pebbles placed under his tongue. Nor was he less careful in endeavouring to acquire the habit of a becoming and decent gesture ; and for this purpose he used to pronounce alone before a large mirror. And knowing that he had an ungracious habit of shrugging up his shoulders when he spoke, to correct that, he used to suspend a sword over them with the point downwards. Such were some of the pains taken---such, some of the *many* efforts made by this man---this greatest of ancient Orators, to surmount difficulties which would be considered even in these days, by a less aspiring mind, sufficient to discourage and deter from every pursuit in the least connected with Oratory. But *he* overcame them---by indefatigable diligence and perseverance ; and under all these discouraging circumstances, he reached the highest pitch of perfection, as an Orator among the ancients. This was acknowledged by the conduct of his great antagonist and rival in Eloquence, Eschines---who, having been eclipsed by Demosthenes in the cause of Ctesiphon, could not endure the mortification of it in the region where it happened, but retired in disgrace to Rhodes. After his arrival here, however, in compliance with the desire of the Rhodians, he repeated to them his own Oration upon that occasion, and the day following they requested to hear that of Demosthenes---which request

he readily gratified ; and having pronounced it in a most graceful and animating manner, to the admiration and astonishment of every hearer, he observed : “How much more would you have wondered if you had heard him speak it himself !” To these authorities might be added the sentiments of Quintilian.—He says that, “It is not of so much moment what our compositions are, as how they are pronounced ; since it is the manner of the delivery by which the audience is moved.”

The truth of this sentiment of the ancients concerning the power and efficacy of pronunciation, might be proved by producing many instances. Hortensius, a cotemporary with Cicero, and whilst he lived next to him in reputation for being eloquent, was highly extolled for his graceful action. But his Orations when published after his death, Quintilian informs us, did not appear answerable to the reputation he had while living whence he concluded, there must have been something peculiarly pleasing and fascinating in his action, by which he gained that character, which was lost when we came to read them. And here indeed, we can find no instance of this, more prominent and forcible than that furnished by Cicero himself. Pompey being now dead, and Cæsar in uncontrolled possession of the government, many of his acquaintances interceded with him for their relations and friends, who had been of Pompey’s party in the late commotions ; and amongst others Cicero appeared before Cæsar to solicit for his friend Ligarius—and when Tubero became apprised of it, who owed Ligarius a grudge, he appeared to oppose it, representing Cicero’s friend Ligarius as unwor-

thy of his mercy ; and Cæsar himself, was prejudiced against him—and hence, he said, when the cause was to come before him : “ we may venture to hear Cicero display his eloquence in this case, for I know the person he pleads for to be an ill man and my enemy.” But we find, however, that in the course of his Oration, Cicero so affected Cæsar, that the frequent changes in his countenance evinced no ordinary emotions of mind ; and as the Orator touched upon the battle of Pharsalia which had given Cæsar the Empire of the World, he presented it in such a moving manner, that Cæsar could no longer controul his feelings—and was thrown into such a paroxysm, that he dropped the papers and documents which he held in his hands ! This was the more remarkable, inasmuch, as Cæsar was himself, one of the greatest Orator’s of his age—all the art of address, and every avenue to the passions were well known to him, and of course he was the better prepared to guard against their influence. But neither his skill in Oratory, nor deep-rooted prejudice against Ligarius, was a sufficient guard against the power of Eloquence; but this Conquerer of the World became a captive to the charms of Cicero, and contrary to his predetermined sentence, he pardoned Ligarius. Now, that Oration is still extant ; and though it certainly appears to be well calculated to move the finer feelings and springs of the soul, yet we cannot discern on reading it, how it should have had so astonishing an effect ! and this effect must have been principally owing to the address and oratory of Cicero.

The more natural our pronunciation is, the more moving it will be ; since the perfection of art consists,

in its nearest resemblance to nature. Hence it is not without the best of reasons, that the ancients make it an indispensable qualification in an orator, that he appear to be a sincere and good man; because a person of this character will make the cause he espouses his own, and the more sensibly he is moved himself, the more natural will be his pronounciation; and of course the greater will be its effect upon others. It is certain that *reality* in every thing excels imitation; but if that were sufficient of itself, in pronounciation, we should have no occasion to recur to art. In this case, therefore, as well as in many others, art, if well managed, will help to perfect nature.

But this is not all; for it often happens that we find the force of it so great and powerful, that where it is entirely counterfeit, it will, for a time, produce the same effect, as if it were founded in truth. This is well known by those who have been conversant with the representations of the theatre. In tragedies, though we are sensible that every thing we see and hear, is fictitious; yet such is the fascinating power of action, that many, whose good sense and accomplishments are worthy to be employed in some real and more dignified scene, are often affected by it in the same manner, as if it were all reality. Anger and resentment at the exhibition of wanton cruelty; concern and solicitude for suffering virtue, rise in our breasts, and tears are extorted from us for persecuted innocence—and at the same moment, perhaps we are ready to blush at ourselves for being thus decoyed. If art then have so great an influence upon us, when supported by fancy and imagination only, how powerful must be its influ-

ence, when it gives us a just and animating representation of what we know to be true? How agreeable it is both to nature and reason, that a warmth of expression, and vehemency of motion, should rise in proportion to the importance of the subject and anxiety of the speaker, will more forcibly appear, by looking back a little into the more early and simple ages of the world; for, the higher we go, the more we shall find of both. The Romans exhibited a great share of talent this way, and the Greeks a greater still. Indeed, all the nations of the east excelled in it; and particularly, that divinely favoured nation, the Hebrews. Nothing, in modern days, has equalled the strength and vivacity of the figures employed in their discourse, and the actions which they used to express their sentiments; such as throwing ashes upon their heads; tearing their garments, and covering themselves with sackcloth, under any deep distress or sorrow of mind: and hence, no doubt, those surprising effects of eloquence appeared, which we never witness now.— And what is here declared of the eastern nations, with respect to action, was, in a great measure, prevalent with the Greeks and Romans: if it were not precisely of the same kind, it was no less vehement and expressive. They did not think language of itself sufficient to express the height of their passions, unless enforced by uncommon motions and gestures. Thus, when Achilles had driven the Trojans into their city with the greatest precipitation and terror, and only Hector ventured to tarry without the gates to engage him, Homer represents both, King Priam and his Queen, in the highest state of consternation for the

danger of their son; and, therefore, in order to prevail with him to enter the city, and not fight with Achilles, they not only entreat him from the walls, in the most tender and moving language imaginable, but they violently tear off their grey locks with their hands, and *adjure* him to comply with their request. The poet well knew, that no words of themselves could represent those agonies of mind he endeavoured to convey, unless heightened by the idea of such actions as were expressive of the deepest sorrow. In one of Cicero's orations, he proceeds to argue in this manner with one of his adversaries: "Would you talk thus if you were serious? Would you, who are wont to display your eloquence so warmly in the danger of others, act so coldly in your own? Where is that concern, that ardour which used to extort pity even from children? Here is no emotion, either of mind or body; neither the forehead struck, nor the thigh, nor so much as a stamp of the foot; therefore, you have been so far from inflaming our minds, that you have scarcely kept us awake."

The ancients had persons whose proper business it was, to teach them how to regulate and manage their voice; and others who instructed them in the whole art of pronunciation, both as to their voice and gestures. The latter were selected from the most celebrated and experienced actors of the stage—But though they sometimes made use of actors to instruct their youth in forming their speech and gestures, yet they always, very correctly, considered the action of a real orator to be necessarily very different from that of the theatre. Cicero very forcibly represents this

distinction, when speaking of orators, in the words of Crassus, he says, "the motions of the body ought to be suited to the expressions, not in a theatrical way, mimicking the words by particular gestulation, but in a manner expressive of the general sense, with a sedate and manly inflection of the sides, not taken from the stage and actors, but from the exercise of arms and the palestra."—And Quintilian observes to the same purpose—"The gestures and motions of comedians are not to be imitated by an orator." These distinguished men, thought the action of the theatre too light and extravagant to be imitated by an orator, and, therefore, when they employed an actor to instruct young children in the first rudiments, they were always sent after this to schools of a higher grade, designed on purpose to teach them a decent and graceful management of their bodies. Being thus prepared, they were afterwards sent to the schools of the rhetoricians ; and here, as their business was to cultivate their style, and acquire the whole art of eloquence—so particularly to acquire a just and accurate pronunciation, by those exercises, in which, for that important end, they were constantly employed. Nor after all this pains and industry, did they yet think themselves qualified to take upon them the character of orators ; but it was their constant custom to collect together some of their friends and acquaintance, who were competent to judge of such performances, and declaim privately before them. The business of these persons was to make observations upon their performances, both with respect to the language which they used, and the manner of pronunciation ; and they were

expected to use the greatest freedom, to take notice of any and every thing conceived to be imperfect, either as to inaccuracy of method, impropriety of style, or ungracefulness in voice or gesture. This course gave them an opportunity to correct all such defects, at first, before they became habitual. Here we see parents, in earlier times, exhibiting more sense than to send their children to such schools as profess to teach all branches at once, and in the same bustling and confused room, and where, in fact, no branch is taught in such a manner as it ought to be done.

The characteristic difference between the accomplishments of the youth, trained up and introduced to the world after the manner of the ancients, and those who are now trained up in the confusion and noise which universally attend schools, where all branches are taught at the same time and place, is great, and humiliating indeed; and the course pursued by the ancients, as to its utility, dignity, and beauty, is as much to be preferred as the established, regular and splendid book-store is to the *contemptible street-book-stall*. And here it is proper to ask, what splendid effects might we not expect in the present day, in the midst of this dearth of real oratory, from the establishment of such an institution? Persons trained up in this manner, with all those advantages, combined with good natural genius, could rarely fail of becoming accomplished orators; for even after they had made their appearance before the public, like the ancient youth, they would not then discontinue the practice of declaiming.

The influence of sounds, either to raise or allay our passions, is evident from music; and, unquestionably, the harmony of a fine essay, or discourse, on being either read or recited well and gracefully, is as capable of moving us, if not with such violence and ecstasy, yet with no less power, and certainly more agreeable to our rational faculties. As persons are differently affected when they speak, so they naturally alter the tone of their voice, though they do not appear to attend to it. Now, it rises,—now, it sinks, and has various inflexions given it, according to the state or disposition of the mind. When the mind is calm and sedate, the voice is moderate and even; when the former is pressed down by sorrow, the latter is tremulous and languid, and when that is roused by passion, this is at once elevated. It is the orator's business therefore, to follow nature, and to endeavour that the tone of his voice appear natural and unaffected—and, for this end, he must take care to suit it to the nature of the subject; but yet so as to be grave and always decent. Some persons continue their discourse in such a low and drawling manner, that they can scarcely be heard by their audience. Others again, let the nature of the subject be what it may, hurry on, in so loud and boisterous a manner, that it would seem they imagined their hearers to be deaf. Now, all the music and harmony of voice, lies between these two extremes.

Of Accent, Emphasis, and Cadence.

Nothing is of more importance to a speaker, than to pay proper attention to *accent*, *emphasis*, and *cadence*. Every word in our language, of more than one syllable, has, at least, one accented syllable. This syllable ought to be rightly known, and the word should be pronounced by the speaker in the same manner as he would pronounce it in ordinary conversation.

By *emphasis*, we distinguish those words in a sentence, which we esteem the most important, by laying a greater stress of voice upon them than we do upon others; and it is surprising to observe how the sense of a phrase may be altered by varying the emphasis. The following example will serve as an illustration. This short question, "Will you ride to town to-day?" may be understood in four different ways, and, consequently, may receive four different answers, according as we place the emphasis. If it be pronounced thus, "Will *you* ride to town to-day?" the answer may with propriety, be given—No; I shall send my son. If thus, "Will you *ride* to town to-day?" Answer—No; I intend to walk. "Will you ride *to town* to-day?" No; I shall ride into the country. "Will you ride to town *to-day*? No; but I may to-morrow. This shows how necessary it is, that a speaker should know how to place his emphasis; and the only rule for this is, that he study to attain a just conception of the force

and spirit of the sentiments which he delivers. There is as great a difference between one who lays his emphasis properly, and one who pays no regard to it, or places it wrong, as there is between one who plays on an instrument with the hand of a master, and the most clownish and blundering performer.

Cadence, is the reverse of emphasis. It is a depression, or lowering of the voice, and commonly falls on the last syllable in a sentence. It must be varied, however, according to the sense. When a question is asked, it seldom falls on the last word, and many sentences require no cadence at all. Every person who speaks in public should endeavour, if possible, to fill the place where he speaks. But still he ought to be careful not to exceed the natural key of his voice. If he does, it will neither be soft nor agreeable; but either harsh and rough, or too shrill and squeaking. Besides, he will not be able to give every syllable its full and distinct sound, which will render what he says obscure, and difficult to be understood. He should, therefore, take care to keep his voice within reach, so as to be able to manage it, that he may raise or sink it, or give it any inflection, he thinks proper; which, it will not be in his power to do, if he put a force upon it, and strain it beyond its natural tone.

The like caution is to be used against the contrary extreme, that the voice be not suffered to sink too low. This will give the speaker pain in raising it again to its proper pitch, and be no less offensive to the hearers. The medium between these two, is a moderate and even voice; but this is not the same in all; that which is moderate in one, would be high in another. Every person, therefore, must regulate it by the na-

tural key of his own voice. A calm and sedate voice is generally best—as a moderate sound is most pleasing to the ear, if it be clear and distinct. But this equality of the voice must also be accompanied with a variety; otherwise, there can be no harmony; since all harmony consists in variety.

Nothing is more unpleasant than a discourse pronounced throughout in one continued tone of the voice without any alteration. The equality, therefore, we are here speaking of, admits a variety of inflections and changes within the same pitch; and, when that is altered, the gradations, whether higher or lower, should be so gentle and regular as to preserve a due proportion of the parts, and harmony of the whole; which cannot be done when the voice is suddenly varied with too great a distinction; and, therefore, it should move from one key to another, so as rather to glide like a gentle stream, than pour down like a rapid torrent. But an affected variety, ill placed, is as disagreeable to a judicious audience, as the want of it, where the subject requires it. We may find some persons, in pronouncing a grave and plain discourse, affect as many different tones, and variations of their voice, as they would in acting a comedy—and this is manifestly a very great impropriety. But the orator's province is not barely to apply to the mind, but likewise to the passions; which require a great variety of the voice, high or low, vehement or languid, according to the nature of the passions he designs to affect. So, that for an orator always to use the same tone or degree of his voice, and expect to accomplish all his objects by it, would be as inconsistent as the conduct of that

empiric among physicians, who informs you he can and will, undertake to cure all diseases with one nostrum. And as an entire monotony, is always unpleasant, so it can never be necessary or proper in any discourse. That some sentences ought to be pronounced faster than others is very manifest. Gay and sprightly ideas should not only be expressed louder, but also quicker than such as are gloomy and plaintive.

And when we press an opponent, the voice should be brisk. But when we hurry on in a precipitant manner without pausing, until compelled to stop for want of breath, we certainly commit a great mistake. In this way, the necessary distinction between sentence and sentence is destroyed—and also, that between the several words of the same sentence; and consequently, all the grace of speaking is lost, and in a great measure the advantage derived from being heard. Young persons are very liable to this, especially at first. It however, often arises from diffidence.—Being jealous of their performances, and the success they may have in speaking, they are in pain till the exercise is over; and this puts them into a hurry of mind, which incapacitates them for governing their voice and keeping it under that due regulation, which perhaps they proposed to themselves before they commenced speaking. And, as a precipitant and hasty pronunciation is culpable, so also on the other hand, it is a fault to speak too slowly. This seems to argue a heaviness in the speaker—and as he appears cool himself, he can never expect to warm his hearers, and excite their affections. When not only every word, but every syllable is drawn out to too

great a length, the ideas do not come fast enough to keep up the attention without much uneasiness. Now to avoid either of these two extremes last mentioned, the voice ought to be distinct and sedate. And in order to have it distinct, it is necessary, not only that each word and syllable should have its just and full sound, both as to time and accent; but also, that every sentence, and part of a sentence, should be separated by it proper pause. This is more easy to be done in reading, from the assistance of the points; but it is no less rigidly to be attended to in speaking, if we would pronounce in a distinct and graceful manner. For, let it never be forgotten, that every one should speak in the same manner as he ought to read, if possible to arrive at such exactness. Now, the common rule given in pausing is, that we stop our voice at a comma, till we can tell one; at a semicolon, two; at a colon three; and at a full period four. And, as these points are accommodated to the several parts of the same sentence, as the first three; or different sentences as the last; this occasions the different length of the pause, by which, either the dependence of what succeeds upon that which follows, or its distinction from it, is represented. It is not in our power to give ourselves what qualities of the voice we please; but it is in every one's power to make the best use he can of what a kind and wise providence has bestowed upon him. However, several defects of the voice are capable of being remedied by care, and the use of proper means. As on the other hand, the best voice may be greatly injured by bad management and indiscretion.

A temperate habit of living is calculated to preserve and improve the voice; and every species of excess is extremely prejudicial to it. The voice must necessarily suffer, if the organs of speech have not their proper tone. A strong voice is of great service to an orator; because, if he want some other advantages, he is however sure of making himself heard. And if, at any time, he is forced to strain it, he is in little danger of its failing him before he finishes his discourse. But he, who has a weak voice, should be very careful not to strain it, especially when commencing his discourse. He ought to begin in a slow manner, and rise gradually, to such a pitch as the key of his voice will carry him, without being obliged to sink again afterwards. Frequent inflections of the voice will likewise be some assistance to him. But especially he should take care to speak deliberately, and ease his voice at all the proper pauses. It is an extreme, much less inconvenient for such a person rather to speak too slow, than too fast. But this defect of a weak voice, is sometimes capable of being helped by the use of proper methods, as is evident from the instance of Demosthenes before mentioned. Some persons, either from want of due care in their education at first, or from inadvertency and negligence afterwards, run into an irregular and confused manner of expressing their words; either by misplacing the accent, confounding the sound of the letters, or huddling the syllables one upon another, so as to render what they say, often unintelligible. Indeed, sometimes this arises from a natural defect, as in the case of Demosthenes;

who found a mean to rectify that, as well as the weakness of his voice. But, in defects of this kind which proceed from habit, the most likely method of mending them, doubtless, is, to speak with great deliberation.

Of Gesture.

By the term gesture, we mean that conformity of the countenance, motion, and several parts of the body, which is suited to the subject of our discourse.

It is not decided, with any degree of unanimity, among the learned, whether the *voice*, or *gesture*, has the greatest influence upon an auditory. But as the latter affects us through the *eye*, and the former through the *ear*, it would seem, that gesture, from the nature of it, must have this advantage—that it conveys the impression more speedily to the mind—as the sight is the quickest of all our senses. Nor is its influence less upon our passions; as experience has often proved. The eye has a more powerful effect than any gesture.—A cast of the eye, will express desire, or love, in a more moving manner than the softest, and most mellifluous language; and a different motion of it, disgust and resentment. To wring the hands, tear the hair, or strike the breast, are all strong indications of sorrow. And he who only puts his hand upon his sword, throws us into a greater panic, than one

who only threatens to kill us. Nor is it, in many respects, less various and expressive language. We are told by Cicero, that he often diverted himself by trying this with Roscius, the celebrated comedian; who could express a sentence in as many ways by his gestures, as *he* could by his words. And those dramas, called pantomimes, have frequently been carried on wholly by mutes, who have performed every part by gestures only, in a very intelligible and interesting manner. With respect to oratory, gesture may very properly be styled the *second part* of pronunciation; in which, as the voice should be suited to the impressions it receives from the mind, so the several motions of the body ought to be accommodated to the various tones and inflections of the voice. When the voice is even, and moderate, little gesture is required; and nothing can be more improper, than violent motion, in discoursing upon ordinary and familiar subjects. The motion of the body should rise, therefore, in proportion to the vehemence and energy of the sentiment, and appear to be the natural and genuine effect of it.

But as the gesture is very different and various, as to the manner of it, which depends upon the proper management of the several parts of the body, it will be important to point out more particularly the management which is now under consideration. Now all gesture is either natural, or from imitation. By natural gesticulation, we mean, such actions and motions of the body, as naturally accompany our words—as words do the impressions of our mind;—and these either respect the whole body, or some particular

part of it. The orator should not long continue standing in the same position, like a statue; but he constantly changing, though the motion needs to be but very moderate. There ought to be no appearance of stiffness, but a certain ease, and pliability, naturally suiting itself to every expression; by which means, when a greater degree of motion is necessary, it will appear less sudden and vehement; for as the raising, sinking, and various inflexions of the voice must be gradual, so likewise should the motions of the body. It is only on some particular occasions, that a hurried, vehement, and impetuous manner, is proper in either case.

With respect to the several parts of the body, the gestures of the *head*, are the most important. To raise this too high, gives an air of arrogance and pride; to stretch it forward too far, or throw it back, betrays clownish and uncultivated manners; to hang it downwards upon the breast, shows an undignified diffidence and want of spirit; and to suffer it to rest on either shoulder, evinces both sloth and indolence. Hence, in all calm, and sedate speaking, the head should be kept in its natural state, or upright posture. However, it should not be long without motion, nor yet constantly moving; but gently turn, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other, as occasion requires; that the voice may be more distinctly heard by all who are present; and then return in an easy and graceful manner to its natural position. It should always accompany the other actions of the body, and turn on the same side with them; except when we wish to express aversion to any thing; and this is to be done,

by stretching out the right hand with the palm turned back, and turning the head to the left.

But it is the countenance, that principally represents both the passions, and the disposition, of the mind. By this we express love, hatred, joy, and sorrow; modesty, and confidence—by this we supplicate, threaten, soothe, flatter, invite, forbid, consent, or refuse; and all this we may do without articulation; and, indeed, it is from a view of the countenance, that we judge not only of a person's present temper, but of his capacity, and natural disposition. Hence, it is common to say, such a one "has a promising countenance," or, "his countenance promises but little." This, however, is not an infallible rule of judging; nor is it in the power of an orator to alter the natural mechanism of his countenance. But the several parts of the face bear their part, and contribute to the proper and decent motion of the whole. In cool and dispassionate discourse, all the features retain their natural state and situation. In sorrow, the forehead and eyebrows lower, and the cheeks hang down; but in expressions of cheerfulness and joy, the forehead and eyebrows are expanded, the cheeks contracted, and the corners of the mouth drawn upwards.

Anger and resentment contract the forehead, draw the brows together, and thrust out the lips; and terror elevates both the brows and forehead; and as these are invariably the natural signs of such passions, the orator should ever recollect, and conform to them. But as the eyes are the most active and significant, it is recommended that the greatest care should be taken

in their management ; because other parts of the countenance, have but a few motions ; whereas the eyes express all the passions of the soul, by so many different actions, which cannot possibly be expressed by any gestures of the body, if the eyes are kept in a fixed and motionless posture. We readily determine a person's inclinations, and how he is affected towards us, by observing his eyes ; and any sudden gust, or emotion of the mind, is speedily followed by an alteration in the eye. Hence, in speaking, upon pleasant and delightful subjects, the eyes are all animation and cheerfulness ; and, on the contrary, they become inanimate, languid, and cheerless, on delivering any thing afflictive and sorrowful. This is so conformable to nature, that before a person speaks, we are prepared, from a mere view of him, with an expectation of either one, or the other, from his different aspect. So also in anger, a certain vehemence and intenseness appears in the eyes, which, for want of proper words with which to express it, we endeavour to represent it by metaphors taken from fire, the most violent and rapid element ; and say, in such cases, the eyes *sparkle*, *burn*, or are *inflamed*. In expressions of dislike and detestation, it is natural to alter the looks, either by turning the eyes aside, or downwards. Indeed, the eyes are sometimes turned downwards upon other occasions ; for instance, to express modesty ; and if at any time a particular object be addressed, whatever it be, the eyes should be turned that way. And hence, a certain author, with great propriety, ridicules the rhetorician, as guilty of a solecism in gesture, who, when saying, O Jupiter ! turn:

ed his eyes downwards ; and when saying, O earth ! looked upwards.

A staring look, has the appearance of poverty of intellect, and want of thought ; and a contraction of the eyes, excites the suspicion of chicanery or design. A fixed look, may be occasioned by intenseness of thought, but, at the same time, it betrays a disregard to the audience ; and a rapid wandering motion of the eyes, is generally considered, as denoting levity and wantonness. It is, therefore, concluded that a gentle and moderate motion of the eyes, is generally the most suitable—always directed towards some of the audience ; and gradually turning from side to side, with a respectful modest air, looking them in the face, as in common conversation. Such a management of the eyes, will, undoubtedly, attract due attention. With respect to the other parts of the body distinct from the head, the shoulders ought not to be elevated ; for this is not only, in itself, indecent ; but it also contracts the neck and prevents the proper motion of the head. Nor on the other hand, should they be drawn down and depressed ; as this will occasion a stiffness of the neck, not only, but of the whole body. Their natural posture, therefore, is best, as this is the most easy and graceful. To shrug the shoulders has an air of abjection and servility ; and frequently to heave them upwards and downwards, is a very disagreeable sight. A continued motion of the arms, any way, is by all means to be avoided ; as their action should generally be very moderate, and follow that of the hands ; unless in very pathetic expressions, when, it may be proper to give them a more animated and rapid motion.

It may here be further observed, that all proper motions of the body, are either upward or downward; to the right or left; forward or backward, or, it possibly may be circular. And, in all these, the hands are necessarily employed, except in the last. And, as they ought to correspond to the sentiments we intend to communicate, they ought always to begin and end with them. In admiration and our addresses to heaven, the hands should be elevated, but rarely raised above the eyes; and when speaking of things below us, they should be directed downwards. Side motion, should generally begin from the left, and gently terminate on the right. In demonstration, addresses, and on many other occasions, they should move forward; and sometimes, in threatening, they should be thrown back. But when the Orator speaks of himself, he should gently lay his right hand upon his breast. And the left hand should seldom move alone, but conform to the motions of the right. In motions to the left side, the right hand should not be often carried beyond the left shoulder.

In promises, and complimentary expressions the hands should have a gentle and slow motion; but in expressions of applause and exhortation, their motion should be rapid. The hands should generally be open; but in expressions of contrition and anger, they may be closed. All trifling and finical actions of the fingers should be avoided; though they should not be stretched out and expanded in a fixed and rigid posture, but kept in an easy and natural one. The foregoing, are the gestures which naturally accompany our expressions, and if duly regarded, will, undoubtedly, be found

sufficient for all the purposes of those who wish to become eloquent orators. We have alluded, indeed, to another sort of gestures—to those required for imitation; as, where the speaker personates another, and describes his actions:—But gestures of this kind are never wanted by a good orator, and generally subject those who make use of them, to the charge of buffoonery, of light, unnatural, and theatric mimicry. When an orator is compelled to exhibit things of this sort, let him convey their imagery to the minds of his hearers, in an animating manner; but never resort to those changes of the voice, attitude, gesture, and countenance which betray a forgetfulness of that self-respect, and that dignity, which ought ever to appear, in a distinguished orator. And, to close our remarks upon this subject, it is earnestly recommended, that every speaker, should most carefully guard against all affectation; which is the utter destruction of good pronunciation. Let his manner, whatever it be, be his own; not the product of an imitation of any one, nor taken from a model of the imagination; as this will always be unnatural. Whatever is natural, though it may be somewhat defective, will generally please; because it exhibits only the person before us, and appears to come unadulterated, from the heart. It is true, that to attain the art of an *extremely* correct, and graceful pronunciation, is what but few comparatively speaking, can accomplish; as it requires a concurrence, or combination of talents, which every one does not possess. At the same time, it is equally true, that it is in the power of the greatest part of mankind, to acquire a habit of speaking in a *forcible* and *persuasive* manner; and

those who do not acquire this habit when possessed of the means, evince a taste, which will forever debar them the pleasure of respectable and refined society.

REMARKS, &c.

Introductory to Rules to be observed in Composition.

It is generally understood that an acquaintance with the circle of the liberal arts, is indispensably necessary, to the successful study of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres. It has been the sentiment, in every enlightened age, that in order to become distinguished for Oratory or real Eloquence, we first must be conversant with every department of science. And, indeed, it will forever be impossible for man to contrive an art, which shall give the merit of richness and splendour of expression, to a composition which possesses barren or erroneous sentiments. Oratory has frequently been debased by attempts to establish a false criterion of its value—some mistaken writers, have endeavoured to supply the want of matter by the graces of their composition; and to court the momentary applause of the ignorant and vulgar, instead of the enduring and valuable approbation of the enlightened and discerning. But the prevalence of such oratory is well known to be transitory; and the body, and basis of any valuable composition, must be produced by knowledge and science. The structure may be completed and polished.

ed by the Rhetorical art; but it is the firm, solid, and durable body *only*, which is able to receive it. Indeed, it would be more than presumption, here to assert, that the study of Rhetorical rules will insure excellence in writing a discourse; in order to this, long and faithful application to study and practice are necessary, even for the brightest and most creative genius. At the same time, one of the most important objects in the education of youth is, to engage them very early in life, in such studies, as are calculated to produce a relish for the entertainments of taste. From a relish for these, to that of the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life, the transition will be natural and easy. From those minds among our youth which have this elegant and noble turn, we may cherish the most animating and pleasing hopes. On the contrary, from those who manifest an entire insensibility to the entertainments of eloquence, poetry, and the fine arts—such as music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and gardening, we can expect nothing but vulgarity and perverseness; inclinations for nothing but gratifications of an inferior order, and a capacity for only some of the lowest mechanical pursuits. And as that pithy sentence, “*Ex nihillo, nihil fit,*” will always prove true, youth of this character ought never to be compelled to engage in the study of the liberal arts and of Rhetoric and the Belles-Lettres. For they only become objects of ridicule for students of elevated and refined taste; and a disgrace to their parents and more intelligent connexions. It is, however, to aid those of opposite character; who thirst for improvement in the higher, ornamental and useful arts,

this little compend is designed ; and for this purpose the following compilation from Philosophical and Rhetorical productions is most respectfully presented.

The Origin of Language.

Nothing, perhaps, is more evident, than the position, that our *thoughts* can never be considered as objects of attention, for the external senses. In order to communicate these to others, the earliest method resorted to, was undoubtedly the use of the voice and gesticulations. And, although language affords only audible signs, or arbitrary symbols of things, yet its superiority to gesture, in communication, being evinced by its greater certainty and variety—it has, from the commencement of the existence of our race, been the great and universal medium of mental intercourse.

The great similarity of the various languages used by the nations of the earth, however remote from each other, has generally been considered by the learned, as satisfactory evidence that they all are to be traced to the same origin. We indeed, cannot imagine how communities could exist, without language ; and it would be folly in the extreme, to suppose that language existed in this world previously to the existence of society. To open the mouth of the dumb, and to cause their organs of speech to utter distinct and significant language, required the exercise of that powerful intelligence who made them. And hence, even *heathen* philosophers, have ascribed the origin of primitive language, to the invisible and unknown God—and those

who read, and believe divine revelation, find and are satisfied with the testimony, that God, our Maker, at first furnished man with the faculties of reason and speech, and actually influenced and taught him how to exercise them in his intercourse with his Maker. We indeed, know not how great a degree of perfection, that language had, which came immediately from the allknowing God; yet it may be fairly supposed, it was not only sufficient for all the purposes of man, but was more perfect than any language ever spoken by man, since he experienced the effects of that bewildering and woful shock, which the apostacy from his Maker occasioned! It being sufficiently clear, therefore, that the exercise of the faculties, of reason and speech, must have been produced by a *divine* influence, and words to communicate ideas, originated from the same source, we shall, in the next extract, furnish a view of the progress of both language and writing.

Progress of Language and Writing.

When the sphere of communication became enlarged it became necessary to have names applied to particular objects; and the question now is, how did they proceed in this application? Certainly, by assimilating, as much as they could, the sound of the name which they gave, to the nature of the object named; as a painter who would represent grass, must make use of a green colour; so in the infancy of language, (as some would term it) one employed in giving a name to any thing harsh or boisterous, would employ a harsh and bois-

terous sound. He could not act otherwise without offering violence to instinctive reason, and an insult to his Maker, who had thus taught him. And hence it is, that we find wherever objects were to be distinguished, in which sound, action, or motion were included, the resemblance in the sound of the words is always obvious. Thus, in all languages, we discover a multitude of words which are evidently constituted upon this principle. And this analogy holds good in all cases, except, where neither sound nor motion are concerned; and here, the names of such objects, as are presented to the sight, and those terms which are appropriated to moral and immaterial things, it is observable, that the analogy is not always so visible. Yet, it has been the uniform sentiment of the learned, that it is not entirely lost; but that throughout the radical words of all languages, a resemblance to the object named is obvious. This principle, however, respects language in its early and most simple state; for the compiler is aware, that the boundless field which has been occupied by the nations, and which has exhibited innumerable arbitrary constructors of language, abounds with thousands, and tens of thousands, of fanciful and irregular terms, and methods of derivation and composition, which bear no resemblance, in sound, to the character of their roots, or to the thing signified. And words as we now use them, taken generally, may be considered as symbols, but not as imitations; as instituted and arbitrary, and not the natural signs of ideas. And hence, the inference, is certainly forcible, that language in its primitive and unadulterated state was, undoubtedly, more natural.

and, as it came to creatures from the infinite and all-perfect God, it was more perfect than it ever has been since the confusion of intellect occasioned by the fall. It is, nevertheless, true, that language, in its progress among the nations, has become (perhaps, however from no happy necessity) more copious; as it has lost the beauty of its figurative style which was its original characteristic. That natural and vehement manner of speaking, by tones and gestures, has been extensively laid aside, and instead of natural and animated poetic instructors, we are now furnished with the professedly cool, but often dangerous philosophers—And the style of a philosopher of modern days, from its being considered more simple, cool and dispassionate, has superseded the ancient metaphorical and poetic language of men, in their intercourse with each other.

Writing, is an improvement upon speech, and, of course is of later origin.

Its characters are of two kinds: signs for words, and signs for things. The alphabetical characters which we now employ, are signs for words; and the pictures, hieroglyphics, and symbols, employed by the ancients, were signs for things.

Pictures were, doubtless, the origin of writing.—Mankind, in all ages, and in all nations, have been instinctively inclined to imitation. This course would soon be employed for furnishing imperfect descriptions of events and records of their existence. Thus, to represent that one man had slain another, they painted the form of a dead man stretched upon the ground, and of his murderer standing over him, armed with some deadly weapon.

When America was first discovered, this was the only kind of writing with which the Mexicans were acquainted. But this was a very defective expedient, as in recording facts, pictures can delineate only external objects.

The use of hieroglyphical characters, has been considered as the second stage of the art of writing.— These characters consist of certain symbols which are made to represent immaterial or invisible objects, on account of a certain resemblance which such symbols are supposed to have to the objects in question. Thus, an eye was the symbol of knowledge, and a circle, having neither beginning nor end, the hieroglyphic of *eternity*. This kind of writing, has been most studied in Egypt—There it is found to have been reduced to a regular art. Through this medium their priests have, always, with the greatest “show of wisdom and will-worship,” communicated their instructions. They have introduced animals as emblems of moral subjects: for instance—the fly, to represent imprudence—an ant, wisdom—and a hawk, to represent victory. The Chinese, Japanese, Tonquinese, and the Coræans, have all used similar characters in writing; but it will always be found confused and enigmatical, and to be an extremely defective medium of knowledge; as also, that of arbitrary marks, as the signs of objects, a manner of writing adopted by the Peruvians.

Our arithmetical figures, are, however, like the hieroglyphical character, signs of things and not of words. They have no dependence whatever, upon words; as each figure is a representation of a number for which it stands; and, consequently, is as well understood by

one nation as another, where they have mutually adopted the use of such figures. To remedy all the defects, ambiguities, and prolixity of the foregoing methods of communication, as the first step, signs were invented, which did not stand distinctly for *things*, but for the *words*, by which things were named. This was an alphabet of syllables, which was prior to the invention of our alphabet of letters. It is said, such an alphabet is preserved even to the present period, in Æthiopia and the Indies. But this has been found deficient and ineffectual, as it retains much of that prolixity and confusion which characterize symbolic writing. To whom the world is indebted for the discovery of letters, is a question which, as yet, has never been distinctly settled. We, however, know, they were brought into Greece, by one Cadmus, a Phœnician, who was a cotemporary with king David. His alphabet, however, contained only sixteen letters; the other letters were subsequently added, as appropriate signs for sounds were found to be wanting. The Hebrew, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman alphabets, bear so great a resemblance as to figures, names, and the order of the letters, that there remains no doubt, but they all were derived from one and the same origin. The ancient order of writing, was from the right hand to the left; and this method appears from a variety of old inscriptions, to have prevailed even in Greece. After this, however, the Greeks practised writing alternately from the right to the left, and from the left to the right. This practice was continued until the days of Solon, the celebrated legislator, who gave law to Athens, forty years.

In process of time, beginning from the left and proceeding to the right being found more natural and convenient, this, which is our present order of writing, was adopted, and has generally obtained throughout the civilized world.

This art was first exercised on pillars; and tables of stone—afterwards on plates of softer metals, such as lead; and becoming more extensively practised, some nations resorted to the use of the leaves and bark of certain trees; and others to tablets of wood, which they covered with a thin coat of soft wax, upon which they produced the designed impression with a plate, or stylus of iron. Parchment manufactured from the skins of animals, was a later invention—and paper, which we now use, was an invention of the fourteenth century.

Of Taste ; its Characteristics and Pleasures.

Taste, has been defined, to be the power of receiving pleasure and pain from the beauties and deformities of nature and art. It is a faculty, which is common to all mankind.

To have some discernment of beauty and deformity, is no less essential to man, than the faculties of reason and speech. The most prominent characteristics of a cultivated taste are, *Delicacy*, and *Correctness*. Delicacy of taste, refers principally to that natural sensibility on which taste is founded; and supposes

a possession of those exquisite and acute organs, or powers, which enable us to discern beauties which elude the notice of a vulgar eye.

Correctness of taste, is a phrase, which denotes the improvement which that faculty receives through the medium and exercise of the understanding. And a man of correct taste will rarely be decoyed by fictitious beauties; but carries a standard of sound sense in his own mind, by which he is enabled to bestow a relative and proper estimate upon those productions of genius which come in his way. This is not, however, an arbitrary principle, subject to the fancy and and caprice of every individual; but admits of a criterion, by which we may determine whether it be true or false. There are beauties which, if displayed in a happy manner will be universally pleasing; and will be ceaselessly and universally admired. In all compositions, whatever powerfully affects the imagination and the heart, will give pleasure to men, of every age, and nation.

By criticism, is to be understood the application of taste, and refined sense, to the several fine arts. It originates wholly in experience; or in the observation of those beauties which have been found generally pleasing to man. Genius is a word which extends much farther than to the objects of taste—it denotes that talent which we have received from our Maker, and which, prepares us to excel in any thing upon which we may be employed. This may be vastly improved by study and art, but can never be by them produced. This faculty is of a higher order than that of taste; as we find many persons who have

a refined and elegant taste, in the fine and polite arts—but, who are, nevertheless, unable to execute any one of them in an excellent manner.

The principal sources of the pleasures of taste, are sublimity and beauty; whether we refer to objects, or composition. The sublime in writing must always be laid in the nature of the object described.

Of all writings, of any, and every age of the world, the sacred scriptures, afford the most happy and striking instances of the sublime.

Beauty, next to sublimity, is supposed to afford the highest and most exquisite pleasure to the imagination. *Colour, figure, motion and imitation*, are all considered sources of the pleasures of taste. *Melody*, and *harmony*, also, contribute in a high degree to the same end; and *wit, humour, and ridicule*, afford a great source of pleasure to this faculty—but we have neither time nor liberty, to extend the extract any farther, but proceed to exhibit the subject of *Style*.

Style, Perspicuity, and Precision.

Style has been defined, to be the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions by means of language. It is a picture of the ideas which occupy his mind, and of the order in which they are there

produced. The principal qualities of a good style, are two—which are denominated, *Perspicuity* and *Ornament*.

The study of these is indispensable in the formation of a proper style. *Perspicuity*, claims attention first, in the choice of words and phrases, and then in the construction of our sentences. And when we regard perspicuity as it respects words, and phrases, it requires *purity*, *propriety*, and *precision*. *Purity*, is a term used, to denote the use of such words, and such a mode of constructing them, as is conformable to the idiom of the language which we use. This sentiment, it is apparent, is opposed to the use of those words and phrases, which, are either taken from other languages; or, are obsolete, newly coined, or such as are derived from no proper authority. *Propriety* exhibits the selection of such words, in composing, as the best and most prevailing usage has appropriated to those ideas, we design to communicate by them. *Precision* denotes the pruning of our composition; and excluding every thing superfluous—so that the words used should express neither more nor less, than a precise and perfect transcript of the ideas we possess.

A due attention to these particulars will, through the habit of steady practice, soon enable the orator to find his style improving.

THE COMMON CHARACTERS OF STYLE, have been arranged, by Rhetoricians, in the following class—viz. the *diffuse, concise, feeble, nervous, dry, plain, neat, elegant, flowery*.

That different subjects require, in order to be treated properly, different kinds of style, is a position so obviously correct, that it needs no illustration. Every intelligent reader knows that an oration would require a different style, from that, which would be proper, in a philosophical essay. And it often happens, that an alteration in the of style is necessary in the different parts of the same composition. Still, in all this variety, we expect to perceive, in the composition of the same man, some prevailing characteristic of style and manner, which shall be suited to his genius, and show the impress of his peculiar turn of mind. A diffuse writer, unfolds, and displays his ideas in a full and glowing manner—a concise one in the fewest words possible. The nervous and feeble, are terms or characters of style, which generally represent the same ideas, as those denominated the concise and diffuse, though it is frequently observed, that diffuse writers exhibit no ordinary degree of strength. And a nervous writer, having his mind always filled with his subject, will give us a forcible and deep impression of what he communicates. Every phrase, and figure which he uses, renders the assemblage of imagery, which he sets before us, more splendid, interesting, and perfect. The foregoing characteristics, however, respect more particularly, the expressiveness of

an author's meaning. The following terms, respect the degree of ornament, which he employs, to grace, or embellish his style; viz. a dry, a plain, a neat, an elegant, and a flowery style. We define them thus—a dry style, is that which entirely excludes all kinds of ornament—a plain style rises, indeed, a little upon the dry; but admits of no considerable ornament, as its author relies, almost exclusively, upon his sense. A neat style, approximates the region of ornament, but not of the splendid kind. A writer of this style, by his selection of words and their graceful location, evinces great partiality for the beauties of language. His sentences are always free from the incumbrances of superfluous words; of a moderate length, and inclining more to brevity, than to a swelling sonorous structure, and generally come to a graceful, and musical close. This kind of style is never improperly adopted, let the subject of the writer be what it may. An elegant style denotes a greater degree of ornament still; and with this we associate all the virtues and excellencies of ornament, in our power. It, however, implies great precision, and propriety; purity in the choice of words; and a skilful and happy talent, in giving them a harmonious arrangement. It, moreover, implies the spreading over style all the beauties of the imagination, as far as the subject will allow it—and all the illustration afforded by tropes and figures, when properly employed. A writer, of an elegant style, will never fail to delight the fancy and the ear; and whilst he is imparting information to the mind, though he may clothe his ideas with all the beauties and chastened

splendours of expression ; he must be careful never to overload them with ill-timed, and misplaced frippery.

A florid style, imports excessive ornament, and in young writers is, on the whole, considered desirable. But, it always requires pruning ; and the fustian, tinsel splendour of language, which some writers continually exhibit, is pitiable and contemptible. They seem not to know, indeed, the difference which exists between a luscious collection of words, and an exuberant collection of the images of an enlivened, and creative fancy. Hence, the man of sense, on witnessing such productions ; especially, if the sentiment intended to be enforced, be either erroneous, or of little importance, (as is most frequently the case with writers of this style,) will always think, that, " farthest from them is best."

Simple, affected, and vehement STYLE, defined and illustrated—and some DIRECTIONS, for the forming of a proper STYLE.

- The term *simplicity*, when applied to composition, is, like many other critical ones, often used too indefinitely ; and the principal cause of this mistake is found, in the fact that writers have given this term, a great *variety* of meanings. It is proper, therefore, here, to make a distinction between them ; and to show, in few words as possible, how simplicity, is properly applied to style. There are four distinct senses in which this word is used, by rhetorical writers. The first, is simplicity of composition, which is opposed to too great a variety of parts. The second,

is simplicity of thought, which is opposed to refinement. The third, is that which is opposed to ornament, and pomp of language—and the fourth is that simplicity which appears in the easy and natural manner in which our language expresses our thoughts. In this last sense, simplicity is compatible with the highest ornament. Homer, for instance, exhibits this *simplicity*, in the highest perfection, and yet, no writer ever moved a pen, which was followed by such splendid ornament and beauty. This is a simplicity which always cherishes ornament, but not that which is affected; and is a *primary* excellence in composition. The man who has attained this, gives no evidence of art in his expressions, but appears the real child of nature. It is not a writer, and labourer, that we here behold; but the *man*, in his own natural character. However rich in his expressions, and full in his figures and his fancy, these will appear to flow voluntarily, and without difficulty; not, however, because he seems to have studied his subject well, but, because it is a manner of expression, which, apparently, perfectly accords with his taste, his circumstances, and his nature. An *affected style*, is precisely the reverse of a simple one; and a *vehement style*, denotes strength, and always accords with simplicity. It is distinguished by a peculiar ardor. It is the language of a man whose imaginations and passions are glowing and impetuous. Paying little attention to the graces, he bears down with the force and thunder of a tremendous torrent. And this is the proper style, for the higher kinds of oratory—such was the style of a Demosthenes; and, sometimes, of a Cicero. Having stat-

ed, and briefly explained the different characters of style; we shall conclude with giving a few directions for attaining excellence in the art of composition.

The *first* rule is, to become possessed of clear ideas on the subject, upon which we attempt to write or speak.

The *second* is, to compose frequently; but not in a hasty and careless habit, as this will lead us to acquire a bad style. On the contrary, we must always, in composing, exercise the greatest care, particularly, when we commence the practice. The *third* is to make ourselves familiar with the productions of the best and most approved authors. The *fourth* is, to guard with great care, against an imitation of any particular author. The *fifth* is, always to endeavour to adapt our style to the subject, and to the capacity of our hearers, or readers. The *sixth*, and last rule is, to pay particular attention to our thoughts. Let the thoughts, or ideas always be important. Let it never be said of you, reader, that you are *rich in words*, but *poor in sentiment*.

Form of a Regular Discourse.

We here present a form proper to be observed in making an oration, or any public discourse. The number of parts, requisite to form a regular discourse, is six and are denominated—the exordium, the division, the explication, and the reasoning; the pathetic,

and the conclusion. It is, however, not always necessary to incorporate the whole in every discourse; nor that they should always be subject to the order here prescribed. Excellent discourses are frequently met with, in which some of the parts here enumerated, are entirely omitted. Still, they are the natural and necessary constituents of a well formed and regular discourse. And it is of no inconsiderable consequence to an orator, that he understand how to construct them well. The design of an introduction or exordium, is to engage the attention of the audience, and prepare their minds to yield to the art of persuasion. And the most able writers have often found the execution of this part of a discourse more difficult than that of any other. And hence it so often occurs, that introductions, particularly those delivered "extempore," are neither suited to the nature of the subject to be discussed, nor to make a favourable impression upon the audience. To prevent an experience of this evil, public speakers should spare no pains, until they have acquired the talent, of executing this, with the most delicate refinements of art. It should be always natural, and consist of ideas suggested by the subject, and the circumstances of the occasion. It should be characterised by correctness and great modesty; not, however, betraying servility, nor anticipating any material part of the subject; and it should be duly proportioned as to its length.

The execution of the part of a discourse, which generally comes next after the introduction, viz. the division, or proposition; should be clear and distinct, and as concise and simple as possible—and the seve-

ral parts, whether formally announced or not, should be really distinct from each other; that is, no one should include another. And here we should be careful to follow the order of nature—beginning with the most simple points, and thence proceeding to the discussion of those which are the most important, and which suppose the former to be known.

The division of the discourse should be such, as appears the most natural to the subject; and when this is the case—when the basis of a discourse is thus formed, the speaker or writer is prepared to proceed, and will encourage the hearer, or reader, to expect an interesting and elegant discourse.

With respect to the style and manner, proper to be used, in either popular, or philosophical essays, or sermons; it may be proper to observe that attention to the best authors, and those remarks upon the subject, which are to be found in this compilation, with a due degree of practice and care. in the art of composing, will furnish correct and ample instructions.

History.

History is a record of events, and characters, for the instruction and benefit of mankind; and the several characteristics of an historian should be impartiality, fidelity, gravity, and dignity. A due order and

connexion, and a clear and elevated style are almost indispensable in historical productions.

Philosophical Writing.

The professed and sole object of philosophy is instruction. Hence, with philosophic writers, style, form, and dress, are considerations of minor consequence. It is, however, proper to remark, that they ought not to be entirely neglected; for the same syllogistic and philosophic reasonings, clothed in an elegant style, are more imposing and interesting, than they ever can be, in one that is unfashionable, dull, and dry. Strict precision, and accuracy, are indispensable characteristics of philosophic writings; but these may easily be exhibited without resorting to the use of a dry style. We have examples of this kind of writing, which are highly polished specimens of style; and, whilst it is urged, that the more moderate figures of speech are admissible and desirable, here; it must be remembered, that a florid, and tumid style are always to be avoided. The elegant and beautiful style of Plato, and Cicero; the rich and splendid one of Seneca; are very happy specimens of a proper style: and the style of Mr. Locke, in his *Treatise on the Human Understanding*, is, perhaps, the best model extant, of a clear, distinct, and proper philosophic style.

Epistolary Writing.

In Epistolary composition, the two principal characteristics, are familiarity and ease; and the fundamental requisites are nature, simplicity, sprightliness, and wit. The style of letters, should give no evidence of study; but appear, like that of animated conversation, to flow with perfect ease. Lord Bolingbroke and Bishop Atterbury have furnished finished specimens of this kind of composition. Mr. Pope's are less happy, as they exhibit affectation, and too much study. Balzac and Voiture, in French, have been celebrated for this kind of style; and, of a familiar correspondence, the most elegant and accomplished model, is that of the letters of Madame de Savigne. These abound with ease, variety, sprightliness, and beauty: and of many letter writers, in English, perhaps no one has furnished a more perfect model than that of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Fictitious History.

This species of writing includes a numerous, but, generally speaking, an insignificant and worthless class of writings, called romances and novels. The influence, however, of these productions, is acknowledged to be universally great; and, though this kind

of composition has usually been employed for the accomplishment of mischievous and ruinous purposes, yet, nevertheless, it might become productive of most desirable effects. When the object of a writer of romance, or novels, is to depict human life and manners; the erratic wanderings, as well as the perfections of the passions and the mind—if the production be well executed—it may be perused with no less advantage than pleasure. And, in accordance with this sentiment, even wise men, in different countries, have propagated knowledge through the medium of fables and fictitious writings—and Lord Bacon has observed, that the common affairs of life, are insufficient to engage the mind of men of the world;—they must create worlds of their own, and wander into the regions of imagination.

The compiler is, nevertheless, unalterably fixed in the sentiment, that romances and novels, taken in the aggregate, are to be condemned; as they have constituted no inconsiderable part of that complex and fearful machinery of corruption, which, in its merciless and tremendous course, from its commencement with Satan, in the garden of Eden, who successfully addressed the passions of Eve, with a deceptive and damnable tale, has drawn within its vortex, the possessors of beauty, virtue, talents, and integrity; and, after tormenting and grinding them into dust, has driven their infinitely precious souls to the dark and bottomless abyss!

Novels!—Romances!—Reader! “*mark them... turn from them, and pass away!*”

Nature of Poetry—its origin and progress.

Of the origin of Poetry, we may observe, it undoubtedly existed prior to what is now called prose. Even the definition which is given of it, would lead to this conclusion.

Poetry is the language of passion, or enlivened imagination; formed most commonly into regular numbers. The object of a poet is to please and to move us, and hence his address is always made to the passions and imagination. Man is, naturally; both a poet and a musician. The same impulse which induces us to use an enthusiastic poetic style, will produce an elevated and harmonious modulation of the voice. Indeed, music and poetry are united in song, and mutually assist and exalt each other. The first poets sung their own productions; and hence the origin of what we call versification, or the arrangement of words to some tune, or harmony. Poems and songs, are among the antiquities of all countries; and the occasions upon which they have been composed, are nearly the same. They comprise the celebration of gods, of heroes, and of victories. They abounded with enthusiastic and fine imagery, and are generally characterized by wildness, irregularity, and splendor. In the progress of society, however, poems assume different forms;—the variety of poetic composition is separated into classes, and the merit and appropriate rules of each, are distinctly assigned. Odes, elegies, epic poems, and dramatic and didactic poetry, are all

subject to particular regulations, and are proper objects for the refined and discerning critic.

We might furnish remarks upon the various kinds of poetry, sufficient to make a volume. Many elegant productions exist, which are more ingenious than useful. Pastoral, lyric, didactic, and descriptive poetry, have severally engaged the attention and efforts of the ingenious and the learned ; but the brevity proposed by the compiler, will not admit of his giving them a place in this compilation.



On the Eloquence of the Pulpit.

The importance of pulpit eloquence, is acknowledged by all ; and the ungracious and slovenly manner, frequently complained of, in which many preachers treat their auditories, calls *imperatively* upon students in divinity, to pay more attention to this subject than has heretofore been bestowed. The following sentiments, from Dr. Blair, are highly important, and will doubtless afford both entertainment and a source of real improvement.

This field of public speaking has, evidently, several advantages peculiar to itself. The dignity and importance of its subjects must be allowed to be superior to any other. They admit of the highest embellishments in description, and the greatest warmth and vehemence of expression. In treating his subject, the preacher has also peculiar advantages. He speaks not to one or a few judges, but to a numerous assembly. He is not afraid of interruption. He chooses his sub-

ject at leisure; and has all the assistance which the most accurate premeditation can afford him. The disadvantages, however, which attend the eloquence of the pulpit, are by no means inconsiderable. The preacher, it is true, has no contention with an adversary; but debate awakens genius, and excites attention. His subjects, though noble, are trite and common. They are become so familiar to the public ear, that it requires no ordinary genius in the preacher, to fix the attention of his hearers. Nothing is more difficult, than to bestow on what is common the grace of novelty. Besides, the subject of the preacher usually confines him to abstract qualities, to virtues, and vices; whereas, that of other popular speakers leads them to treat of persons; which is a subject generally more interesting to the hearers, and which occupies more powerfully the imagination. We are taught by the preacher to detest only the crime; by the pleader to detest the criminal. Hence it happens, that though the number of moderately good preachers is great, there are so few who have arrived at eminence. Perfection is very distant, indeed, from modern preaching. The object, however, is truly noble and illustrious; and worthy of being pursued with attention, ardor, and perseverance.

To excel in preaching, it is necessary, to have a fixed and habitual view of its end and object. This, undoubtedly, is to persuade men to become good. Every sermon ought, consequently, to be a persuasive oration. It is not to discuss some abstruse point, that the preacher ascends the pulpit. It is not to teach his hearers something new, but to make them better: to give them, at the same time, clear views, and persuasive impressions of religious truth.

The principal characteristics of pulpit eloquence, as distinguished from the other kinds of public speaking, appear to be these two—gravity and warmth. It is neither easy nor common to unite these characters of eloquence. The grave, when it is too predominant, becomes a dull, uniform solemnity. The warm, when appit wants gravity, too near the roaches

theatrical and light. A proper union of the two, forms that character of preaching which the French call *Oncion*; that affecting, penetrating, and interesting manner, flowing from a strong sense in the preacher, of the importance of those truths which he delivers, and an earnest desire that they may make full impression on the hearts of his hearers.

With regard to the composition of a sermon, a principal circumstance which must be attended to, is its unity. By this we mean, that there should be some main point to which the whole tenor of the sermon shall refer. It must not be a pile of different subjects heaped upon each other, but one object must predominate through the whole. Hence, however, it must not be understood, that there should be no divisions or separate heads in the discourse; or that one single thought only should be exhibited in different points of view. Unity is not confined by such narrow limits; it admits of some variety; it requires only that union and connection be so far preserved, as to make the whole occur in some one impression on the mind. Thus, for instance, a preacher may employ several different arguments to enforce the love of God; he may also inquire into the causes of the decay of this virtue; still one object is presented to the mind: but, if because his text says, "He that loveth God, must love his brother also," he should, therefore, mix in the same discourse arguments for the love of God, and for the love of our neighbour, he would offend very much against unity, and leave a very confused impression on the minds of his hearers.

Sermons are always the more striking, and, generally, the more useful, in proportion as the subject of them is more precise and particular. Unity can never be so complete in a general, as in a particular subject. General subjects, indeed, such as the excellencies or the pleasures of religion, are often chosen by young preachers as the most showy, and the easiest to be handled; and, no doubt, general views of religion, should not be neglected, since, on several occasions,

they have great propriety. But these subjects produce not the high effects of preaching. Attention is much more commanded, by taking some particular view of a great object, and employing on that the whole force of argument and eloquence. To recommend some one virtue, or inveigh against a particular vice, affords a subject not deficient in unity or precision; but if that virtue or vice be considered as assuming a particular aspect, as it appears in certain characters, or affects certain situations in life, the subject becomes still more interesting. The execution is certainly less easy, but the merit and the effect are higher.

A preacher should be cautious not to exhaust his subject; since nothing is more opposite to persuasion than an unnecessary and tedious fulness. There are always some things which he may suppose to be known, and some which require only a brief attention. If he endeavour to omit nothing which his subject suggests, he must unavoidably encumber it, and debilitate its force.

To render his instructions interesting to his hearers, should be the grand object of every preacher. He should bring home to their hearts the truths which he inculcates, and make each suppose that himself is particularly addressed. He should, consequently, avoid all intricate reasonings; avoid expressing himself in general speculative propositions or laying down practical truths in an abstract, metaphysical manner. A discourse ought to be carried on in the strain of direct address to the audience; not in the strain of one writing an essay, but of one speaking to a multitude, and studying to connect what is called application, or what immediately refers to practice, with the doctrinal and didactic parts of the sermon.

It is always highly advantageous to keep in view the different ages, characters, and conditions of men, and to accommodate directions and exhortations to each of these different classes. Whenever you advance what a man feels to touch his own character, or to be applicable to his own cir-

circumstances, you are sure of his attention. No study, therefore, is more necessary for a preacher, than the study of human life, and of the human heart. To be able to discover a man to himself, in a light in which he never saw his own character before, produces a wonderful effect. Those sermons, though the most difficult in composition, are not only the most beautiful, but also the most useful, which are founded on the illustration of some peculiar character, or remarkable piece of history, in the sacred writings; by the pursuit of which, we may trace, and lay open, some of the most secret windings of the human heart. Other topics of preaching have become trite and common; but this is an extensive field, which has hitherto been little explored, and possesses all the advantages of being curious, new, and in the highest degree useful. Bishop Butler's sermon on the *character of Balqam*, is an example of this kind of preaching.

Fashion, which operates so extensively on human manners, has given to preaching, at different times, a change of character. This, however, is a torrent, which swells to-day and subsides to-morrow. Sometimes poetical preaching is fashionable; sometimes philosophical:—at one time it must be all pathetic; at another all argumentative; according as some celebrated preacher has afforded the example. Each of these modes in the extreme, is very defective; and he who conforms himself to it, will both confine his genius, and corrupt it. Truth and good sense are the only basis on which he can build with safety. Mode and humour are feeble and unsteady. No example, however admired, should be servilely imitated. From various examples, the preacher may collect materials for improvement; but the servility of imitation will extinguish his genius, and expose its poverty to his hearers.

SELECTIONS.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN POETRY AND PROSE.

Extract from Cain—a Mystery—BY LORD BYRON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Earth near Eden, as in Act I.

Enter Cain and Adah.

Adah. Hush ! tread softly, Cain.

Cain. I will ; but wherefore ?

Adah. Our little Enoch sleeps upon yon bed
Of leaves, beneath the cypress.

Cain. Cypress ! 'tis
A gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourn'd
O'er what it shadows ; wherefore didst thou choose it
For our child's canopy ?

Adah. Because its branches
Shut out the sun like night, and therefore seem'd
Fitting to shadow slumber.

Cain. Ay, the last—
And longest ; but no matter—lead me to him.

[*They go up to the child.*]

How lovely he appears ! his little cheeks,
In their pure incarnation, vying with
The rose leaves strewn beneath them.

Adah. And his lips, too,
How beautifully parted ! No ; you shall not
Kiss him, at least not now : he will awake soon—
His hour of mid day rest is nearly over :
But it were pity to disturb him till
'Tis closed.

Cain. You have said well ; I will contain
My heart till then. He smiles, and sleeps !—Sleep on
And smile, thou little, young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young : sleep on, and smile !
Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering
And innocent ! *thou* hast not pluck'd the fruit—

Thou know'st not thou art naked ! Must the time
 Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,
 Which were not thine nor mine ? But now sleep on !
 His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
 And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
 Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them ;
 Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
 Laughs out, although in slumber. He must dream—
 Of what ? Of Paradise !—Ay ! dream of it,
 My disinherited boy ! 'Tis but a dream ;
 For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,
 Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy.

Adah. Dear Cain ! Nay, do not whisper o'er our son
 Such melancholy yearnings o'er the past :
 Why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise ?
 Can we not make another ?

Cain.

Where ?

Adah.

Here, or

Where'er thou wilt : where'er thou art, I feel not
 The want of this so much regretted Eden.
 Have I not thee, our boy, our sire, and brother,
 And Zillah—our sweet sister, and our Eve,
 To whom we owe so much besides our birth ?

Cain. Yes—death, too, is amongst the debts we owe her.

Adah. Cain ! that proud spirit, who withdrew thee hence,
 Hath sadden'd thine still deeper. I had hoped
 The promised wonders which thou hast beheld,
 Visions, thou say'st, of past and present worlds,
 Would have composed thy mind into the calm
 Of a contented knowledge ; but I see
 Thy guide hath done thee evil : still I thank him,
 And can forgive him all, that he so soon
 Hath given thee back to us.

Cain.

So soon ?

Adah.

'Tis scarcely

Two hours since ye departed : two *long* hours
 To me, but only *hour* upon the sun.

Cain. And yet I have approach'd that sun, and seen
 Worlds which he once shone on, and never more
 Shall light ; and worlds he never lit : methought
 Years had roll'd o'er my absence.

Adah.

Hardly hours.

Cain. The mind then hath capacity of time,
 And measures it by that which it beholds,
 Pleasing or painful ; little or almighty.
 I had beheld the immemorial works
 Of endless beings ; skirr'd extinguished worlds ;
 And, gazing on eternity, methought

I had borrow'd more by a few drops of ages
 From its immensity; but now I feel
 My littleness again. Well said the spirit,
 That I was nothing !

Collins' Ode on the Passions.

WHEN Music, heav'nly maid, was young,
 Wh'le yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions, oft to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exalting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possest, beyond the Muses' painting.
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
 'Till once, tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the sporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
 And as they oft had heard apart,
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
 Would prov his own expressive power;
 First Fear, its hand his skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.
 Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
 In lightning own'd his secret stings,
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurry'd hand the strings.
 With woful measures wan Depair.
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild,
 But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the scene prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on echo still, through all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice, was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
 And longer had she sung, but with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose ;

He threw his blood stain'd sword in thunder down;
 And with a withering look,
 The war, denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo;
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And though, sometimes each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild, nälter'd mein,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
 head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted love, now raving call'd on hate.
 With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired,
 And from her wild, sequester'd seat,
 In notes more distant made more sweet,
 Pou'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
 And dashing soft from rocks around
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
 But O, how lter'd was its sprightlier tone;
 When cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulders flung,
 Her buskins gem'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung
 The hunter's call to fawn and dryad known;
 The oak-crown'd sisters and their chaste-ey'd queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping forth from alleys green;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And sport leapt up, and seiz'd the beachen spear.
 Last came, Joy's ecstatic trial,
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk awaking viol,
 Whose sweet advancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have who heard the strain
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids.
 Amid the festal sounding shades

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with mirth, a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he amid his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings:

On Cruelty to Animals.—a Tale.—BY COWPER.

Where England stretch'd towards the setting sun,
 Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,
 Dwelt young Misagathus. A scorner he,
 Of God and goodness, atheist in ostent,
 Vicious in act, in temper savage-fierce.
 He journey'd, and his chance was, as he went,
 To join a trav'ller of far diff'rent note,
 Evander, fam'd for piety, for years
 Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.
 Fame had not left the venerable man,
 A stranger to the manners of the youth,
 Whose face too was familiar to his view.
 Their way was on the margin of the land,
 O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base
 Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high.
 The charity that warm'd his heart was mov'd
 At sight of the man-monster. With a smile,
 Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,
 As fearful of offending whom he wish'd
 Much to persuade, he ply'd his ear with truths,
 Not harshly thunder'd forth, or rudely press'd,
 But like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.
 And dost thou dream, the impenetrable man
 Exclaim'd, that me, the lullabies of age,
 And fantasies of dotards, such as thou,
 Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
 Mark now the proof I give thee. that the brave
 Need no such aids as superstition lends,
 To steel their hearts against the dread of death.
 He spoke, and to the precipice at hand,
 Push'd with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks,
 And the blood thrills and curdles at the thought
 Of such a gulph, as he design'd his grave.
 But though the felon on his back could dare
 The dreadful leap, more rational, his steed
 Declin'd the death, and wheeling swiftly round,

Or ere his hoof had press'd the crumbling verge,
 Baffled his rider, sav'd against his will.
 The frenzy of the brain may be redress'd,
 By medicine well applied, but without grace,
 The heart's insanity admits no cure.
 Enrag'd the more, by what might have reform'd
 His horrible intent; again, he sought
 Destruction, with zeal to be destroy'd,
 With sounding whip, and rowels dy'd in blood.
 But still in vain. The providence that meant
 A longer date to the far nobler beast,
 Spar'd yet again th' ignobler for his sake.
 And now, his prowess prov'd, and his sincere
 Incurable obduracy evinc'd,
 His rage grew cool; and pleas'd, perhaps, t' have earn'd
 So cheaply, the renown of that attempt,
 With looks, of some complacency, he resum'd
 His road, deriding much the blank amaze
 Of good Evander, still where he was left,
 Fixt motionless, and petrified with dread.
 So on they far'd; discourse on other themes
 Ensuing, seem'd to obliterate the past,
 And tamer far for so much fury shown,
 (As is the course of rash and fiery men)
 The rude companion smil'd, as if transform'd.
 But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near,
 An unsuspected storm. His hour was come.
 The impious challenger of pow'r divine
 Was now to learn, that heaven, though slow to wrath,
 Is never with impunity defy'd.
 His horse, as he had caught his master's mood,
 Snorting, and starting into sudden rage,
 Unbidden, and not now to be control'd,
 Rush'd to the cliff, and having reach'd it, stood.
 At once the shock unseated him. He flew
 Sheer o'er the craggy barrier, and immers'd
 Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it not,
 The death he had deserv'd, and dy'd alone.
 So God wrought double justice made the fool
 The victim of his own tremendous choice,
 And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.

Address to Messiah.—BY COWPER.

Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
 Recieve yet one, the crown of all the earth.

Thou who alone art worthy ! it was thine
 By ancient cov'nant, ere nature's birth,
 And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
 And overpaid its value with thy blood.
 Thy saints proclaim thee King ; and in their hearts,
 Thy title is engraven with a pen
 Dipt in the fountain of eternal love.
 Thy saints proclaim thee King ; and thy delay
 Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
 The dawn of thy last advent long desir'd,
 Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
 And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
 The very spirit of the world is tir'd
 Of its own taunting question ask'd so long,
 " Where is the promise of your Lord's approach ?"
 The infidel has shot his bolts away,
 Till his exhausted quiver yielding none,
 He gleans the blunted shafts that have recoil'd,
 And aims them at the shield of truth again.
 The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,
 That hides divinity from mortal eyes,
 And all the mysteries to faith proposed
 Insulted and traduc'd, are cast aside
 As useless, to the moles, and to the bats.
 They now are deem'd the faithful, and are prais'd,
 Who constant only in rejecting thee,
 Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
 And quit their office for their error's sake.
 Blind, and in love with darkness ! yet even these,
 Worthy, compar'd with sycophants, who kneel,
 Thy name adoring, and then preach thee *man*.
 So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare,
 The world takes little thought ; who will may preach,
 And what they will. All pastors are alike
 To wand'ring sheep, resolv'd to follow none.
 Two gods divide them all, Pleasure and Gain.
 For these they live, they sacrifice to these,
 And in their service wage perpetual war
 With conscience, and with thee. Lust in their hearts,
 And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth
 To prey upon each other ; stubborn, fierce,
 High minded, foaming out their own disgrace.
 Thy prophets speak of such ; and noting down
 The features of the last degenerate times,
 Exhibit ev'ry lineament of these.
 Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
 Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
 Due to thy last, and most effectual work.
 Thy word fulfill'd, the conquest of a world.

On the Power and Influence of an Individual.

BY PRESIDENT NOTT.

Thus the impulse given either to virtue or to vice, by a single individual, may be immeasurably extended, even to distant nations, and communicated through succeeding ages to the remotest generations.

Voltaire, Rousseau, and their infidel coadjutors, collected their materials and laid a train which produced that fatal explosion, which shook the civilized world to its centre. Governments were dismembered; monarchies were overthrown; institutions were swept away; society was flung into confusion; human life was endangered. Years have elapsed, the face of Europe is yet covered with wrecks and desolations! and how long before the world will recover from the disastrous shock their conspiracy occasioned, God only knows. And yet Voltaire, Rousseau and their infidel coadjutors were individuals.

Did not Cyrus sway the opinions, awe the fears, and direct the energies of the world at Babylon? Did not Caesar do this at Rome, and Constantine at Byzantium? and yet Cyrus, Caesar and Constantine, were individuals—But they were fortunate; they lived at critical conjunctures, and in fields of blood gathered immortally. And is it at critical conjunctures and in fields of blood only, that immortally can be gathered?

Where then is Howard, that saint of illustrious memory, who traversed his native country, exploring the jail and the prison-ship and taking the dimensions of that misery which these caverns of vice, of disease and of death had so long concealed—Whose heroic deeds of charity, the dungeons alike of Europe and of Asia witnessed, and whose bones now consecrate the confines of distant Tartary, where he fell a martyr to his zeal, when like an angel of peace, he was engaged in conveying through the cold, damp, pestilential cells of Russian Crimea, the lamp of hope and the cup of consolation to the incarcerated slave, who languished unknown, unpitied, and forgotten there.

Where is Grenville Sharp, the negro's advocate, whose disinterested efforts, whose scrupulous eloquence, extorted from a court tinctured with the remains of feudal tyranny, that memorable decision of lord Mansfield, which placed an eternal shield between the oppressor, and the oppressed; which raised a legal barrier around the very person of the enslaved African, and rendered liberty thereafter, inseparable from the soil of the sea-girt isles of Britain. It was this splendid triumph of reason over passion, of justice over prejudice, that called from the Irish orator, that burst of ingenuous feeling, at the trial of Rowan, when he said—"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot on British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy. No matter in what language, his doom may have been pronounced;—No matter what complexion incompatible with freedom; an Indian, or an African sun may have burnt upon him;—No matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—No matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar, and the God sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, emancipated, disenthralled, by irresistible genius of *universal emancipation*."

Where is Clarkson, who has been so triumphantly successful in wiping away the reproach of slavery from one quarter of the globe, and in restor-

ing to the rights of fraternity more than twenty millions of the human family—that man, who after so many years of reproach and contumely; after sufferings and perseverance which astonish as much as they instruct us, succeeded in turning the current of national feeling; in awakening the sense of national justice, and finally in obtaining, from the parliament of England, that glorious act, *the abolition of the slave trade*—An act to which the royal signature was affixed at noon day, and just as the sun reached the meridian: a time fitly chosen for the consummation of so splendid a transaction—a transaction which reflects more honor on the king, the parliament, and the people, than any other recorded in the annals of history. Where is this man, whose fame I had rather inherit than that of Cæsar—for it will be more deathless as it is already more sacred. And should Africa ever arise from its present degradation, and rise it will, if there be any truth in God, what a perpetual flow of heartfelt eulogy will, to a thousand generations, commemorate the virtues, the sufferings and the triumph of the ingenuous, the disinterested, the endeared, the immortal Clarkson—the Negro's friend—the black man's hope—the despised African's benefactor!

Where is Lancaster, who has introduced, and is introducing a new era in the history of letters, and rendering the houses of education, like the temples of grace, accessible to the poor! Owing to whose exertions and enterprizes thousands of children, picked from the dirt and collected from the streets, are this day enjoying the inestimable benefits of education, and forming regular habits of industry and virtue, who must otherwise have been doomed by the penury of their condition to perpetual ignorance, and probably to perpetual misery.

Ah! had this man lived but two thousand years ago, to say nothing of the effect which might have been produced on morals and happiness generally, by the general diffusion of knowledge, and the regular formation of habits—to say nothing of that vulgarity which would have been diminished, nor of that dignity which might have been imparted to the character of the species—Could this man have lived two thousand years ago, and all the rude materials in society have undergone only that slight polishing which, under his fostering care, they are now likely to undergo, how many mines of beauty and richness would have appeared! How many gems made visible by their glittering, would have been collected from among the rubbish! Or, to speak without a figure, had this man lived two thousand years ago, how much talent might have been discovered for the church, for the state, for the world, among those untutored millions who have floated unknown and unnoticed down the tide of time. Had this man lived two thousand years ago, how many Demosthenes might have lightened and thundered! How many Homers soared and sung! How many Newtons roused into action, to develop the laws of matter! How many Lockes to explore the regions of mind! How many Mansfields to exalt the bench! How many Erskines to adorn the bar! And perhaps some other Washington, whose memory has now perished in obscurity, might have been forced from the factory or the plow to decide the fate of battle, and sustain the weight of empire.

And yet Howard, Sharpe, Clarkson and Lancaster, were individuals; and individuals too, gifted by no extraordinary talents; favoured by no peculiar theatre of action. They were only common men brought up in the midst of common life. No princely fortunes had descended to them; no paternal influence had devolved on them; no aspiring rivals provoked their emulation; no great emergencies roused their exertions. They produced, if I may so speak, the incidents which adorn their history, and created for themselves a theatre of action. Animated by the purest virtue, and bent on being useful, they seized on the miseries of life, as the world

presented them; and by deeds of charity and valour performed in relieving those miseries, they converted the very abodes of ignorance and we into a theatre of glory.

And, young gentlemen, after all that has been done by these patrons of virtue, these benefactors of mankind, remains there no prejudice to correct; no ignorance to instruct; no vice to reclaim; no misery to alleviate? Look around you—still there is room for youthful enterprise, for manly exertion. Go, then, into the world; cherish the spirit, imitate the example, and emulate the glory of these illustrious worthies. Let no disasters shake your fortitude; let no impediments interrupt your career. Come what will, of this be assured, that in every enterprise of good, God will be on your side; and that should you even fail, failure will be glorious—Nor will it ever be said in heaven of the man who has sincerely laboured on the earth to glorify his God, or benefit his country, *that he has lived in vain.*

On Card Playing—BY PRESIDENT NOTT.

Games of hazard, particularly where cards are concerned, tend imperceptibly to gambling.

Play, at first, is resorted to as a pastime, and the gamester becomes an idler only. This is the inceptive step. But mere play has not enough of interest in it, to excite a continued attention, even in the most frivolous of minds. To supply this defect, the passion of avarice is addressed by the intervention of a trifling stake. This is the second step. The third is deep and presumptuous gambling; here, all the adventurer can command, is hazarded, and *gain* not *amusement*, becomes the powerful motive that inspires him. These are the stages of play at cards, that delusive and treacherous science, which has beggared so many families, made so many a youth, a profligate; and blasted forever, so many a parent's hope!

But is a stake, at play, wrong in principle? It is so. Nor is the nature of the transaction changed by any increase, or diminution of amount. Not that it is a crime to hazard, but to hazard wrongfully; to hazard, where no law authorizes it; where neither individual prudence, nor any principle of public policy requires it. Property is a trust, and the holder is responsible for its use. He may employ it in trade; he may give it in charity. But he may not wantonly squander it away; he may not even lightly hazard the loss of it for no useful purpose, and where there is no probability, that the transaction will, on the whole be beneficial, either to the parties, or to the community.

But I may not pass thus lightly over this article. The nature of gambling considered as an occupation, and the relative situation of gamblers ought to be attended to. The issue which the parties join; the rivalry in which they engage, neither directly nor indirectly, promotes any interest of community. It has no relation to agriculture, none to commerce, none to manufactures. It furnishes no bread to the poor; it holds out no motive to industry; it applies no stimulus to enterprise. It is an employment, *sui generis*. The talent it occupies is so much deducted from that intelligence, which superintends the concerns of the world. The capital it employs, is so much withdrawn from the stock required for the commerce of the world. Let the stake be gained or lost, as it will, society

gains nothing. The managers of this ill-appropriated fund are not identified in their pursuits, with any of those classes, whose ingenuity, or whose labours benefit society; nor by any of the rapid changes, through which their treasure passes, is there any thing produced by which community is indemnified.

Their situation with respect to each other, is as singular, and unnatural as is their situation with respect to the rest of mankind. Here again, the order of nature is reversed; the constitution of God is subverted; and an association is formed, not for mutual benefit, but for acknowledged and mutual injury. Precisely so much as the one gains, precisely so much the other loses. No equivalent is given; none is received. The property indeed changes hands; but its quality is not improved; its amount is not augmented.

In the mean time, the one who loses, is a profligate, who throws away, without any requital, the property he possesses. The one who gains is a ruffian, who pounces, like a vulture, on the property which he possesses not, and has acquired no right to possess; and both are useless members of society, a mere excrescence on the body politic. Worse than this: they are a nuisance; like leeches on the back of some mighty, and healthful animal, which though they suck their aliment from its blood, contribute nothing to its subsistence.—No matter how numerous these vagabonds, for I will not call them by a more reputable name, may be in any community; no matter how long they may live, or how assiduously they may prosecute their vocation. No monument of good, the product of that vocation will remain behind them. They will be remembered only by the waste they have committed, or the injury they have done, while with respect to all the useful purposes of being, it will be as if they had never been.

And is there no guilt in such an application of property as this! Did Almighty God place mankind here for an occupation so mean! Did he bestow on them treasures for an end so ignoble!—If Jesus Christ condemned to utter darkness that unprofitable servant, who having wrapped his talent in a napkin only, buried it in the earth: what think you will be his sentence on the profligate, who, having staked and lost his all, goes from the gaming table, a self created pauper, to the judgment seat! Nor will the Judge less scrupulously require an account of the cents you have amusingly put down at piquet, than he would, though you had played away at brag the entire amount of the shekel of the sanctuary.

But you do not mean to gamble, nor to advocate it. I know it. But I also know if you play at all, you will ultimately do both. It is but a line that separates between innocence and sin. Whoever fearlessly approaches this line, will soon have crossed it. To keep at a distance, therefore, is the part of wisdom. No man ever made up his mind to consign to perdition his soul at once. No man ever entered the known avenues, which conduct to such an end, with a firm and undaunted step. The brink of ruin is approached with caution, and by imperceptible degrees; and the wretch who now stands fearlessly scoffing there, but yesterday had shrunk back from the tottering cliff, with trembling. Do you wish for illustration? The profligate's unwritten history will furnish it. How inoffensive its commencement, how sudden, and how awful its catastrophe! Let us review his life. He commences with play; but it is only for amusement. Next he hazards a trifle to give interest, and is surprised when he finds himself a gainer by the hazard. He then ventures, not without misgivings, on a deeper stake. That stake, he loses. The loss and the guilt oppress him. He drinks, to revive his spirits. His spirits revived, he stakes to retrieve his fortune. Again he is unsuccessful, and again his spirits flag, and again the inebriating cup revives them. Ere he

is aware of it, he has become a drunkard; he has become a bankrupt. Resource fails him. His fortune is gone; his character is gone; his tenderness of conscience is gone.—God has withdrawn his spirit from him. The demon of despair takes possession of his bosom; reason deserts him. he becomes a maniac; the pistol or the poignard close the scene, and with a shriek he plunges, unwept, and forgotten, into hell.

But there are other lights in which this subject should be viewed. The proper aliment of the body is ascertained by its effects. Whatever is nutritious is selected; whatever is poisonous, avoided. Let a man of common prudence, perceive the deleterious effects of any fruit, however fair to the eye; however sweet to the taste—let him perceive these effects, in the haggard countenances and swollen limbs of those who have been partaking of it, and though he may not be able to discover wherein its viciousness consists, he admits that it is vicious, and shrinks from the participation of a repast in which some secret poison lurks, that proves fatal to many and injurious to most who hitherto have tasted it. Why should not the same circumspection be used with respect to the aliment of the mind? It should undoubtedly. But gaming presents even a stronger case than the one we have supposed. For not only the fact but the reason of it is obvious. So that we may repeat what has been already said of games of hazard, that *they impart no expansion or vigour to the mind, and that their influence on the affections, and passions, and heart are deleterious.*

When I affirm, that these games impart no expansion or vigour to the mind, I do not mean to be understood that they are or can be performed entirely without intellection. It is conceded, that the silliest game requires some understanding, and that to play at it, is above the capacity of an oyster, perhaps of an ox or of an ape. It is conceded too, that games of every sort require some study; the most of them however, require but little; and after a few first efforts, the intellectual condition of the gamester, so far as his occupation is concerned, is but one degree removed from that of the dray-horse, buckled to his harness, and treading over from day to day, and from night to night, the same dull track, as he turns a machine which some mind of a higher order has invented. So very humble is this species of occupation; so very limited the sphere in which it allows the mind to operate, that if an individual were to remain through the term of his existence, mute and motionless, in the winter state of the Norwegian bear, his intellectual career would be about as splendid, and his attainments in knowledge about as great as they would, were he to commence play in childhood, and continue on at whist or loo to eternity. For though the latter state of being, pre-supposes some exercise of the mental faculties, it is so little, so low, and so uniform, that if the result be not literally *nothing*, it approaches nearer to it than the result of any other state of being, to which an intelligent creature can be doomed, short of absolute inanition, and death.

How unlike in its effect, must be this unmeaning shuffle of cards; this eternal gaze, on the party coloured surface of a few small pieces of paste-board, where nothing but spades, and hearts, and diamonds, and clubs, over and over again, every hour of the day, every hour of the night, meet the sleepless eye of the vacant beholder—how unlike must be the effect of this pitiful employment, continued for fifty or for seventy years, to that, which would have been produced on the same mind, in the same period, by following the track of Newton, to those sublime results, whither he has led the way in the regions of abstraction.....By communing with the soul of Bacon, deducing from individual facts, the universal laws of the material universe; or by mounting with Herschell, to the Athenaeum of the firmament, and learning direct from the volume of the stars, the science of astronomy!—How unlike to that which would have been produced

in the same period, by ranging with Paley, through the department of morals; by soaring with Harvey on the wing of devotion, or even by tracing the footsteps of Tooke, amid the mazes of philology?

Card-playing has not even the merit of the common chit-chat of the tea-table. Here there is some scope for reason; some for a play of fancy, some occasion for mental effort; some tendency to habits of quick association, in attack, in repartee, and the various turns, resorted to for keeping up, and enlivening conversation. Much less has it the merit of higher and more rational discourse, of music, of painting, or of reading.

Indeed, if an occupation were demanded for the express purpose of perverting the human intellect, and humbling, and degrading, and narrowing, I had almost said annihilating, the soul of man, one more effectual, could not be devised, than the one the gamester has already devised and pre-occupied. And the father and mother of a family, who instead of assembling their children in the reading-room, or conducting them to the altar, seat them, night after night, beside themselves at the gaming table, do, so far as this part of their domestic economy is concerned, contribute not only to quench their piety, but also to extinguish their intellect, and convert them into automatons, living mummies, the mere mechanical members of a domestic gambling machine, which, though but little soul is necessary, requires a number of human hands to work it. And if under such a blighting culture, they do not degenerate into a state of mechanical existence, and gradually losing their reason, their taste, their fancy, become incapable of conversation; the fortunate parents may thank the school-house, the church, the library, the society of friends, or some other and less wretched part of their own defective system, for preventing the consummation of so frightful a result.

Such, young gentlemen, are the morbid and sickly effects of play upon the human intellect. But intelligence constitutes no inconsiderable part of the glory of man; a glory, which, unless eclipsed by crime, increases, as intelligence increases. Knowledge is desirable with reference to this world, but principally so with reference to the next; not because philosophy, or language, or mathematics will certainly be pursued in heaven; but because the pursuit of them on earth, gradually communicates that quickness of perception, that acumen which, as it increases, approximates towards the sublime and sudden intuition of celestial intelligences, and which cannot fail to render more splendid the commencement, as well as more splendid the progression of man's interminable career.

But while gaming leaves the mind to languish, it produces its full effect on the passions, and on the heart. Here however that effect is deleterious. None of the sweet and amiable sympathies, are at the card-table called into action. No throb of ingenuous and philanthropic feeling, is excited by this detestable expedient for killing time, as it is called; and it is rightly so called; for many a murdered hour will witness at the day of judgment, against that fashionable idler, who divides her time between her toilet and the card-table, no less than against the profligate, hackneyed in the ways of sin, and steeped in all the filth and debauchery of gambling. But it is only amidst the filth and debauchery of gambling, that the full effects of card-playing on the passions and on the heart of man are seen.

Here that mutual amity, that elsewhere subsists, ceases; paternal affection ceases; even that community of feeling that piracy excites, and that binds the very banditti together has no room to operate for at this inhospitable board, every man's interest, clashes with every man's interest, and every man's hand is literally against every man.

The love of mastery, and the love of money, are the purest loves, of which the gamester is susceptible. And even the love of mastery, loses

all its nobleness, and degenerates into the love of lucre, which ultimately predominates and becomes the ruling passion.

Avarice is always base; but the gamester's avarice is doubly so. It is avarice unmixed with any ingredient of magnanimity, or mercy. Avarice, that wears not even the guise of public spirit; that claims not even the meagre praise of hoarding up its own hard earnings. On the contrary, it is an avarice, that wholly feeds upon the losses, and only delights itself with the miseries of others. Avarice, that eyes, with covetous desire, whatever is not individually its own; that crouches to throw its fangs over that booty, by which its comrades are enriched. Avarice, that stoops to rob a traveller, that sponges a guest, and that would filch the very dust from the pocket of a friend.

But, though avarice predominates, other related passions are called into action. The bosom, that was once serene and tranquil, becomes habitually perturbed. Envy rankles; jealousy corrodes; anger rages, and hope and fear alternately convulse the system. The mildest disposition grows morose; the sweetest temper becomes fierce and fiery, and all the once amiable features of the heart assume a malignant aspect!—Features of the heart, did I say? Pardon my mistake. The finished gambler has none. Though his intellect may not be; though his soul may not be; his heart is quite annihilated.

Thus habitual gambling, consummates what habitual play commences. Sometimes its deadening influence prevails, even over female virtue, eclipsing all the loveliness, and benumbing all the sensibility of woman. In every circle, where cards, form the bond of union, frivolity and heartlessness, become alike characteristic of the mother and the daughter; devotion ceases; domestic care is shaken off, and the dearest friends, even before their burial, are consigned to oblivion.

This is not exaggeration. I appeal to fact. Madame du Deffand, was certainly not among the least accomplished, or the least interesting females, who received and imparted that exquisite tone of feeling, that pervaded the most fashionable society of modern Paris. And yet it is recorded of her, in the correspondence of the Baron De Grimm, whose veracity will not be questioned, that when her old and intimate friend and admirer, M. de Ponte-de Vesle, died, this celebrated lady came rather late to a great supper, in the neighbourhood; and as it was known, that she made it a point of honour, to attend him, the catastrophe was generally suspected. She mentioned it however, herself, immediately, on entering; adding that it was lucky he had gone off so early in the evening, as she might otherwise have been prevented from appearing. She then sat down to table, and made a very hearty and merfy meal of it.

Afterwards, when Mad. de Chatelet, died, Mad. du Deffand, testified her grief for the most intimate of all her female acquaintance, by circulating over Paris, the very next morning, the most libellous and venomous attack on her person, her understanding, and her morals.

This utter heartlessness, this entire extinction of native feeling, was not peculiar to Mad. du Deffand; it pervaded that accomplished, and fashionable circle, in which she moved. Hence, she herself, in her turn, experienced the same kind of sympathy, and her remembrance was consigned to the same instantaneous oblivion. During her last illness, three of her dearest friends used to come and play cards, every night, by the side of her couch—and as she chose to die in the middle of a very interesting game, they quietly played it out—and settled their accounts before leaving the apartment.*

* See Quarterly Review.

I do not say that such are the uniform, but I do say, that such are the natural and legitimate effects of gaming on the female character. The love of play is a Demon, which only takes possession, as it kills the heart. But, if such is the effect of gaming, on the one sex, what must be its effect on the other? Will nature long survive in bosoms invaded, not by gaming only, but also by debauchery and drunkenness, those sister Furies, which hell has let loose, to cut off our young men from without, and our children from the streets? No, it will not. As we have said, the finished gambler has no heart. The club with which he herds, would meet, though all its members were in mourning. They would meet, though the place of rendezvous were the chamber of the dying; they would meet, though it were an apartment in the charnel-house. Not even the death of kindred can affect the gambler. He would play upon his brother's coffin; he would play upon his father's sepulchre.

Yonder see that wretch, prematurely old in infirmity, as well as sin. He is the father of a family. The mother of his children, lovely in her tears, strives, by the tenderest assiduities, to restore his health, and with it, to restore his temperance, his love of home, and the long-lost charms of domestic life. She pursues him by her kindness, and her entreaties to his haunts of vice; she reminds him of his children; she tells him of their virtues; of their sorrows; of their wants; and she adjures him, by the love of them, and by the love of God, to repent, and to return. Vain attempt! She might as well adjure the whirlwind; she might as well entreat the tiger.

The brute has no feeling left. He turns upon her in the spirit of the demons with which he is possessed. He curses his children and her who bare them; and as he prosecutes his game, he fills the intervals with imprecations on himself; with imprecations on his maker; imprecations borrowed from this dialect of devils, and uttered with a tone that befits only the organs of the damned! And yet in this monster there once dwelt the spirit of a man. He had talents, he had honour, he had even faith. He might have adorned the senate, the bar, the altar. But alas! his was a faith that saveth not. The gaming table has robbed him of it, and of all things else that is worth possessing. What a frightful change of character! What a tremendous wreck, is the soul of man in ruins!

Return disconsolate mother to thy dwelling, and be submissive; thou shalt become a widow, and thy children fatherless. Further effort will be useless—the reformation of thy partner is impossible. God has forsaken him—nor will good angels weep, or watch over him any longer.

Mr. Phillips' Address to the King.

Sire,

When I presume to address you on the subject which afflicts and agitates the country, I do so with the most profound sentiments of respect and loyalty. But I am no flatterer. I wish well to your illustrious house, and therefore address you in the tone of simple truth—the interests of the King and Queen are identified, and her majesty's advocate must be your's. The degradation of any branch of your family, must, in some degree, compromise the dignity of all, and be assured there is as much danger as discredit in familiarizing the public eye to such a spectacle. I have no doubt that the present exhibition is not your royal wish; I have no doubt it is the work of wily sycophants and slanderers, who have persuaded you of what they know to be false, in the base hope that it may turn out to be profitable. With the view, then, of warning you against interested hypocrisy, and of giving to your heart its natural humane and noble inclination, I invoke your attention to the situation of your persecuted consort! I implore of you to consider whether it would not be for the safety of the state, for the tranquillity of the country, for the honour of your house, and for the interests alike of royalty and humanity, that an helpless female should be permitted to pass in peace the few remaining years which unmerited misery has spared to her.

It is now, Sire, about five and twenty years since her majesty landed on the shores of England—a princess by birth—a queen by marriage—the relative of kings—and the daughter and the sister of a hero. She was then young—direct from the indulgence of a paternal court—the blessing of her aged parents, of whom she was the hope and stay—and happiness shone brightly o'er her; her life had been all sunshine—time for her had only trod on flowers; and if the visions which endear, and decorate and hallow home, were vanished for ever, still did she resign them for the sacred name of wife, and sworn affection of a royal husband, and the allegiance of a glorious and gallant people. She was no more to see her noble father's hand unhelm the warriors brow to fondle over his child—no more for her a mother's tongue delighted as it taught, that ear which never heard a strain, that eye which never opened on a scene, but those of careless, crimeless, cloudless infancy, was now about to change its dulcet tones and fairy visions for the accent and the country of the stranger. But she had heard the character of Britons—she knew that chivalry and courage co-existed—she knew that where the brave man and the free man dwelt, the very name of *woman* bore a charmed sway, and where the voice of England echoed your royal pledge, to "love and worship, and cleave to her alone," she but looked upon your Sire's example, and your nation's annals, and was satisfied.—Pause and contemplate her enviable station at the hour of these unhappy nuptials! The created world could scarcely exhibit a more interesting spectacle. There was no earthly bliss of which she was not either in the possession or the expectancy. Royal alike by birth and alliance—honoured as the choice of England's heir, reputed the most accomplished gentleman in Europe—her reputation spotless as the unfallen snow—her approach heralded by a people's prayer, and her footsteps obliterated by an obsequious nobility—her youth, like the lovely season which it typified, one crowded garland of rich and fragrant blossoms, refreshing every eye with present beauty, and filling every heart with promised benefits!—No wonder that she feared no famine in that spring tide

of her happiness—no wonder that the speech was rapture, and her step was buoyancy! She was the darling of parent's hearts; a kingdom was her dower—her very glance, like the sun of heaven, diffused light, and warmth, and luxury around it—in her public hour, fortune concentrated all its rays upon her, and when she shrunk from its too radiant noon, it was within the shelter of a husband's love, which God and nature, and duty and morality, assured her unreluctant faith should be eternal. Such was she then, all joy and hope, and generous credulity, the credulity that springs from honour and from innocence. And who could blame it? You had a world to choose, and she was your selection—your ages were compatible—your births were equal—you had drawn her from the house where she was honourable and happy—you had a prodigal allowance showered on you by the people—you had bowed your anointed head before the altar; and sworn by its majesty to cherish and protect her, and this you did in the presence of that moral nation from whom you hold the crown, and in the face of that church of which you are the guardian. The ties which bound you were of no ordinary texture—you stood not in the situation of some secluded profligate, whose brutal satiety might leave its victim to a death of solitude, where no eye could see, nor echo tell the quiverings of her agony. Your elevation was too luminous and too lofty to be overlooked, and she, who confided with a vestal's faith and a virgin's purity in your honour and your morals, had a corroborative pledge in that publicity, which could not leave her to suffer or be sinned against in secret. All the calculations of her reason, all evidence of her experience, combined their confirmation. Her own parental home was purity itself, and yours might have bound republicans to royalty; it would have been little less than treason to have doubted you; and, oh! she was right to brush away the painted vermin that infest a court, who would have withered up her youthful heart with the wild errors of your ripe minority! Oh, she was right to trust the honour of "Fair England's" heir, and weigh but as a breath-blown grain of dust, a thousand follies and a thousand faults balanced against the conscience of her husband. She did confide, and what has been the consequence?

History must record it, Sir, when the brightest gem in your diadem shall have mouldered, that this young, confiding, inexperienced creature had scarcely heard the last congratulatory address upon her marriage, when she was exiled from her husband's bed, banished from her husband's society, and abandoned to the pollution of every slanderous sycophant who chose to crawl over the ruin! Merciful God! was it mete to leave a human being so situated, with all her passions excited and inflamed to the impulses of such abandonment? Was it meet thus to subject her inexperienced youth to the scorpion sting of exasperated pride, and all its incidental natural temptations? Was it right to fling the shadow of a husband's frown upon the then unsullied snow of her reputation? Up to the blight of that all-withering hour no human tongue dared to asperse her character. The sun of patronage was not then strong enough to quicken into life the serpent brood of slanderers: no starveling aliens, no hungry tribe of local expectants, then hoped to fatten upon the offals of the royal reputation. She was not long enough in widowhood, to give the spy and the perjurer even a colour for their inventions. The peculiarities of the foreigner, the weakness of the female—the natural vicinity of youthful innocence, could not then be tortured into "demonstrations strong;" for you, yourself, in your recorded letter, had left her purity not only unimpeached, but unsuspected. That invaluable letter, the living document of your separation, gives us the sole reason for your exile, that your "inclinations," were not in your power! That, Sir, and that alone, was the terrific reason which you gave your consort for this heart-rending

degradation. Perhaps they were not: but give me leave to ask, are not the obligations of religion independent of us? Has any man a right to square the solemnities of marriage according to his rude caprices? Am I your lowly subject, to understand that I may kneel before the throne of God, and promise conjugal fidelity till death, and self-absolve myself, whatever moment it suits my "inclination?" Not so will that mitred bench, who see her majesty arraigned before them read to you this ceremony. They will tell you it is the most solemn ordinance of man—consecrated by the approving presence of our Saviour—acknowledged by the whole civilized community—the source of life's purest pleasures, and of death's happiest consolations—the rich fountain of our life and being, whose draught not only purifies existence, but causes man to live in his posterity;—they will tell you that it cannot perish by "inclination," but by crime, and that if there is any difference between the prince and the peasant who invoke its obligation, it is the more enlarged duty entailed upon him, to whom the Almighty has vouchsafed the influence of an example.

Thus, then, within one year after her marriage, was she flung "like a loathsome weed," upon the world, no cause assigned except your loathing inclination! It mattered nothing, that for you she had surrendered all her worldly prospects—that she had left her home, her parents and her country—that she had confided in the honour of a prince, and the heart of a man, and the faith of a Christian; she had, it seems, in one little year, "outlived your liking," and the poor, abandoned, branded, heart-rent outcast, must bear it all in silence, for—*she was a defenceless woman, and a stranger.* Let any man of ordinary feeling think on her situation at this trying crisis, and say he does not feel his heart's blood boil within him? Poor unfortunate! who could have envied her her salaried shame, and her royal humiliation? The lowest peasant in her reversary realm was happy in the comparison. The parents that loved her were far, far away—the friends of her youth were in another land—she was alone, and he who should have rushed between her and the bolt of heaven, left her exposed to a rude world's caprices. And yet she lived, and lived without a murmur; her tears were silent—her sighs were lonely; and when you, perhaps, in the rich blaze of earth's magnificence, forgot that such a wretch existed, no reproach of her's awoke your slumbering memory. Perhaps she cherished the visionary hope that the babe whose "perilous infancy" she cradled, might one day be her hapless mother's advocate! How fondly did she trace each faint resemblance! Each little casual paternal smile, which played upon the features of that child, and might some distant day be her redemption! How, as it lisped the sacred name of father, did she hope its innocent infant tone might yet awake within that father's breast some fond association! Oh, sacred fancies! Oh, sweet and solemn visions of a mother—who but must hallow thee! Blest be the day-dream that beguiles her heart, and robes each cloud that hovers o'er her child in airy colours of that heart's creation! Too soon life's wintry whirlwind must come to sweep the prismatic vapour into nothing.

Thus, Sire, for many and many a heavy year did your deserted Queen beguile her solitude. Meanwhile for *you* a flattering world assumed its *harlot* smiles—the ready lie denied your errors—the villain courtier deified each act, which in an humble man was merely duty, and mid the din of pomp and mirth, and revelry, if remorse spoke, 'twas inarticulate. Believe me Sire, when all the tongues that flattered you are mute, and all the gaudy pageants that deceived you are not even a shadow, an awful voice will ask in thunder, did your poor wife deserve this treatment, merely from some distate of "inclination?" It must be answered. Did not the altar's vow demand a strict fidelity, and was it not a solemn and a sworn duty, "for better and for worse," to watch and tend her—correct her

waywardness by gentle chiding, and sing the fondness of an husband's love between her errors and the world? It must be answered, where the poorest rag upon the poorest beggar in your realm, shall have the splendour of a coronation garment.

Sad, alas! were these sorrows of her solitude—but sad as they were, they were but in their infancy. The first blow passed—a second and severer followed. The darling child, over whose couch she shed her silent tear—upon whose head she poured her daily benediction—in whose infant smile she lived, and moved, and had her being, was torn away, and in the mother's sweet endearments she could no longer lose the miseries of the wife. Her father, and her laurelled brother too, upon the field of battle, sealed a life of glory, happy in a soldier's death, far happier than this dreadful day was spared them! Her sole surviving parent followed soon, and though they left her almost alone on earth, yet how could she regret them? she has at least the bitter consolation, that their poor child's miseries did not break their hearts. Oh, miserable woman! made to rejoice over the very grave of her kindred, in mournful gratitude that their hearts are marble.

During a long probation of exile and wo, bereft of parents, country, child and husband, she had one solace still—her *character* was unblemished. By a refinement upon cruelty, even that consolation was denied her. Twice had she to undergo the inquisition of a *secret* trial, originating in foul conspiracy, and ending in complete acquittal. The charity of her nature was made the source of crime—the peculiarities inseparable from her birth were made the ground of accusation—her very servants were questioned whether every thought, and word, and look, and gesture, and visit, were not so many *overt acts* of adultery; and when her most sacred moments had been heartlessly explored, the tardy verdict which freed her from the guilt, could not absolve her from the humiliating consciousness of the accusation. Your gracious father, indeed, with a benevolence of heart more royal than his royalty, interposed his arm between innocence and punishment; for punishment it was, most deep and grievous, to meet discountenance from all your family, and see the fame which had defied all proof made the capricious sport of hint and insinuation, while that father lived she still had some protection, even in his night of life there was a sanctity about him which awed the daring of the highway slanderer—his honest, open, genuine *English* look, would have silenced whole banditti of Italians. Your father acted upon the principles he professed. He was not more revered as a king than he was beloved and respected as a man; and no doubt he felt how poignant it must have been to be denounced as a criminal without crime, and treated as a widow in her husband's life-time. But death was busy with her best protectors, and the venerable form is lifeless now, which would have shielded a daughter and a Brunswick. He would have warned the Milan panders to beware the honour of his ancient house; he would have told them that a prying pettifogging, purchased inquisition upon the unconscious privacy of a royal female, was not in the spirit of the English character; he would have disclaimed the *petty larceny* of any *diplomatic pickpocket*; and he would have told the whole rabble of Italian informers and swindling ambassadors, that his daughter's existence should not become a perpetual proscription; that she was doubly allied to him by birth and marriage; and that those who exacted all a wife's obedience, should have previously procured for her husband's countenance. God reward him! There is not a father or an husband in the land, whose heart does not *at this moment* make a pilgrimage to his monument.

Thus having escaped from two conspiracies equally affecting her honor and life, finding all conciliation hopeless, bereft by death of every natural

protector, and fearing perhaps that *practice might make perjury consistent*, she reluctantly determined on leaving England. One pang alone embittered her departure—her darling, and in despite of all discountenance, her duteous child, clung round her heart with natural tenacity. Parents who love, and feel that very love compelling separation, can only feel for her. Yet how could she subject that devoted child to the humiliation of her mother's misery! How reduce her to the sad alternative of selecting between separated parents! She chose the generous, the noble sacrifice—self-banished, the world was before her—one grateful sigh for England—one tear—the last, last tear upon her daughter's head—and she departed.

Oh Sire, imagine her at that departure! How changed! how fallen, since a few short years before, she touched the shores of England! The day-beam fell not on a happier creature—creation caught new colours from her presence, joy sounded its timbrel as she passed, and the flowers of birth, of beauty, and of chivalry, bowed down before her. But now, alone, an orphan and a widow! her gallant brother in his shroud of glory; no arm to shield, no tongue to advocate, no friend to follow an o'er-clouded fortune; branded, degraded, desolate, she flung herself once more upon the wave, to her less fickle than a husband's promises! I do not wonder that she has now to pass through a severer ordeal, because impunity gives persecution confidence. But I marvel indeed much, that then, after the agony of an *ex parte* trial, and the triumph of a complete though lingering exculpation, the natural spirit of English justice did not stand embodied between her and the shore, and bear her indignant to your capital. The people, the peerage, the prelacy, should have sprung into unanimous procession; all that was noble or powerful, or consecrated in the land, should have borne her to the palace gate, and demanded why their queen presented to their eye this gross anomaly! Why her anointed brow should bow down in the dust, when a British verdict had pronounced her innocence? Why she was refused that conjugal restitution, which her humblest subject had a right to claim! Why the annals of their time should be disgraced, and the morals of their nation endure the taint of this terrific precedent; and why it was that after their countless sacrifices for your royal house, they should be cursed with *this pageantry* of royal humiliation; Had they so acted the dire affliction of this day might have been spared us. We should not have seen the filthy sewers of Italy disgorge a living leprosy upon our throne; and slaves and spies, imported from a creedless brothel, land to attain the sacred Majesty of England! But who, alas! will succour the unfortunate? The cloud of your displeasure was upon her, and the gay, glittering, countless insect swarm of summer friends, abide but in the sun-beam! She passed away—with sympathy I doubt not, but in silence.

Who could have thought, that in a foreign land, the restless fiend of persecution would have haunted her? Who could have thought, that in those distant climes, where her distracted brain had sought oblivion, the demoniac malice of her enemies would have followed? who could have thought that any human form which had an heart, would have skulked after the mourner in her wanderings, to note and con every unconscious gesture? who could have thought, that such a man there was, who had drank at the pure fountain of our British law! who had seen eternal justice in her sanctuary! who had invoked the shades of Holt and Hardwicke, and held high converse with those mighty spirits, whom mercy bailed in heaven as her representatives on earth!

Yet such a man there was; who, on the classic shores of Como, even in the land of the illustrious Roman, where every stone entombed an hero, and every scene was redolent of genius, forgot his name, his country, and his calling, to hoard such coinable and rabble slander! oh, sacred shade

of our departed sages ! avert your eyes from this unhallowed spectacle ; the spotless ermine is unsullied still ; the ark yet stands untainted in the temple, and should unconsecrated hands assail it, there is a lighting still, which would not slumber ! No, no ; the judgment seat of British law is to be soared, not *crawled* to ; it must be sought upon an eagle's pinion and gazed at by an eagle's eye ; there is a radiant purity around it, to blast the glance of grovelling speculation. His labour was in vain, Sire, the people of England will not listen to Italian witnesses, nor ought they. Our queen, has been, before this, twice assailed, and assailed on the same charges. Adultery, nay, pregnancy, was positively sworn to, one of the ornaments of our navy captain Manby, and one of the most glorious heroes who ever gave a nation immortality, a spirit of Marathon or old Thermopylæ ; he who planted England's red cross on the walls of Acre, and showed Napoleon, it was invincible, were the branded traitors to their sovereign's bed ! Englishmen, and, greater scandal, *English women*, persons of rank, and birth, and education, were found to depose to this infernal charge ! the royal mandate issued for inquiry ; Lord Erskine, Lord Ellenborough, a man who had dandled accusations from his infancy, sat on the commission, and what was the result ? *They found a verdict of perjury against her base accusers !* The very child for whose parentage she might have shed her sacred blood, was proved beyond all possible denial, to have been but the adoption of her charity. — " We are happy to declare to your majesty our perfect conviction, that there is no foundation whatever for believing, (I quote the very words of the commissioners,) that the child now with the princess, is the child of her royal highness, or that she was delivered of any child in the year 1802 ; nor has any thing appeared to us, which would warrant the belief that she was pregnant in the year, or at any other period within the compass of our inquiries." Yet people of rank, and station, moving in the highest society in England, admitted even to the sovereign's court, actually volunteered their sworn attestation of this falshood ! Twenty years have rolled over her since, and yet the same foul charge of adultery, sustained not as before by the plausible fabrications of Englishmen, but bolstered by the habitual inventions of Italians, is sought to be affixed to the evening of her life, in the face of a generous and a loyal people ! A kind of sacramental shipload—a packed and assorted cargo of human affidavits has been consigned, it seems, from Italy to Westminster ; thirty thousand pounds of the people's money paid the pedlar who selected the articles ; and with this infected freight, which should have performed quarantine before it vomited its *moral pestilence* amongst us, the queen of England is sought to be attained ! It cannot be, Sire ; we have given much, very much indeed, to foreigners, but we will not concede to them the hard-earned principles of British justice. It is not to be endured, that two acquittals should be followed by a third experiment ; that when the English testament has failed, an *Italian missal's* kiss shall be resorted to ; that when people of character here have been discredited, others should be recruited who have no character any where ; but above all, it is intolerable, that a defenceless woman should pass her life in endless persecution, with one trial in swift succession following another, in the hope perhaps, that her noble heart which has defied all proof should perish in the torture of eternal accusation. Send back, then, to Italy, those alien adventurers ; the land of their birth, and the habits of their lives, alike unfit for an English court of justice. There is no spark of freedom—no grace of religion—no sense of morals in their degenerate soil. Effeminate in manners ; sensual from their cradles ; crafty, venal, and officious ; naturalized to crime ; outcasts of credulity ; they have seen from their infancy their court a bagnio, their very churches scenes of daily assassination ! their faith is form ; their marriage ceremony a mere mask for the

most incestuous intercourse; gold is the god before which they prostrate every impulse of their nature. "A euri sacra fames! quid non mortalia pectora cogis!" the once indignant exclamation of their antiquity, has become the maxim of their modern practice.

No nice extreme a *true Italian* knows:
But, bid him go to hell—to hell he goes.

Away with them any where from us; they cannot live in England; they will die in the purity of its moral atmosphere.

Meanwhile during this accursed scrutiny, even while the legal blood-hounds were on the scent the last dear stay which bound her to the world parted, *the princess Charlotte died!* I will not harrow up a father's feelings, by dwelling on this dreadful recollection. The poet says, that even grief finds comfort in society, and England wept with *you*. But, oh, God! what must have been that hapless mother's misery, when first the dismal tidings came upon her! The darling child over whose cradle she had shed so many tears—whose lightest look was treasured in her memory—who, amid the world's frown, still smiled upon her—the fair and lovely flower, which, when her orb was quenched in tears, lost not its filial, its divine fidelity! It was blighted in its blossom—its verdant stem was withered, and in a foreign land she heard it, and *alone*—no, no, not quite alone. The myrmidons of British hate were around her, and when her heart's salt tears were *blinding her*, a German nobleman was *plundering her letters*. Bethink you, Sire, if that fair paragon of daughters lived, would England's heart be wrung with this inquiry? Oh! she would have torn the diamonds from her brow, and dashed each royal mockery to the earth, and rushed before the people, not in a monarch's, but in *nature's majesty*—a child appealing for her persecuted mother! and God would bless the sight, and man would hallow it, and every little infant in the land who felt a mother's warm tear upon her cheek, would turn by instinct to that sacred summons. Your daughter in her shroud, is *yet alive*, Sire—her spirit is amongst us—it rose untombed when her poor mother landed—it walks amid the people—it has left the angels to protect the parent.

The theme is sacred, and I will not sully it—I will not recapitulate the griefs, and, worse than griefs, the little, pitiful, deliberate insults which are burning on every tongue in England. Every hope blighted—every friend discountenanced—her kindred in their grave—her declared innocence made but the herald to a more cruel accusation—her two trials followed by a third, a third on the same charges—her royal character insinuated away by German *picklocks* and Italian conspirators—her divorce sought by an extraordinary procedure, upon grounds untenable before any usual lay or ecclesiastical tribunal—her name meanly erased from the Liturgy—her natural rights as a mother disregarded, and her civil right as a queen sought to be exterminated! and all this—all, because she dared to touch the sacred soil of liberty! because she did not banish herself, an implied adulteress! because she would not be bribed into an abandonment of herself and of the country over which she has been called to reign, and to which her heart is bound by the most tender ties, and the most indelible obligations. Yes, she might have lived wherever she selected, in all the magnificence which boundless bribery could procure for her, offered her by those who affect such tenderness for your royal character, and such devotion to the honour of her royal bed. If they thought her guilty, as they allege, this daring offer was a double treason—treason to your majesty, whose honour they compromised—treason to the people, whose money they thus prostituted. But she spurned the infamous temptation, and she was right. She was right to front her insatiable accusers; even

were also guilty, never was there victim with such crying palliations; but all innocent, as in my conscience I believe her to be, not perhaps of the levities contingent on her birth, and which shall not be converted into constructive crime, but of the cruel charge of adultery, now for a third time produced against her. She was right, bereft of the court, which was her natural residence, and all buoyant with innocence as she felt, bravely to fling herself upon the wave of the people—that people will protect her—Britain's red cross is her flag, and Brunswick's spirit is her pilot. May the Almighty send her royal vessel triumphant into harbour!

Sire, I am almost done, I have touched but slightly on your queen's misfortunes—I have contracted the volume of her injuries to a single page, and if upon that page one word offend you, impute it to my zeal, not my intention. Accustomed all my life to speak the simple truth, I offer it with fearless honesty to my sovereign. You are in a difficult—it may be in a most perilous emergency. Banish from your court the sycophants who abuse you; surround your palace with approving multitudes, not with armed mercenaries. Other crowns may be bestowed by despots and entrenched by cannon; but

The throne we honour is the people's choice.

Its safest bulwark is the popular heart, and its brightest ornament *domestic virtue*. Forget not also, there is a throne which is above even the throne of England—where flatterers cannot come—where kings are sceptreless. The vows you made are written in language brighter than the sun, and in the course of nature, you must soon confront them; prepare the way by effacing now, each seeming, slight and fancied injury, and when you answer the last awful trumpet, be your answer this, "GOD I FORGAVE—I HOPE TO BE FORGIVEN."

But, if against all policy, and all humanity, and all religion, you should hearken to the counsels which further countenance this unmanly persecution, then must I appeal not to you but to your parliament. I appeal to the *sacred prelacy of England*, whether the holy vows which their high church administered, have been kept towards this illustrious lady—whether the hand of man should have erased her from that page, with which it is worse than blasphemy in man to interfere—whether, as Heaven's vicegerents, they will not abjure the sordid passions of the earth, imitate the inspired humanity of their Saviour; and like Him, protect a persecuted creature from the insatiate fangs of ruthless, and untiring accusation!

I appeal to the *hereditary peerage of the realm*, whether they will aid this levelling denunciation of their queen—whether they will exhibit the unseemly spectacle of illustrious rank and royal lineage degraded for the crime of claiming its inheritance—whether they will hold a sort of civil orimination, where the accused is entitled to the *mercy of an impeachment*; or whether they will say with their immortal ancestors—"We will not tamper with the laws of England!"

I appeal to the *ermined independent judges*, whether life is to be made a perpetual indictment—whether two acquittals should not discountenance a third experiment—whether if any subject suitor came to their tribunal *thus circumstanced*, claiming either divorce or compensation, they would grant his suit; and I invoke from them, by the eternal majesty of British justice, the same measure for the peasant and the prince!

I appeal to the *Commons in Parliament assembled*, representing the fathers and the husbands of the nation—I beseech them by the outraged morals of the land! By the overshadowed dignity of the throne! by the holiest and tenderest forms of religion! by the honour of the army, the

sanctity of the church, the safety of the state, and character of the country! by the solemn virtues which consecrate their hearths! by those fond endearments of nature and of habit which attach them to their cherished wives and families, I implore their tears, their protection, and their pity upon the married widow and the childless mother!

To those high powers and authorities I appeal with the firmest confidence in their honour, their integrity, and their wisdom. May their conduct justify my faith, and raise no blush on the cheek of our posterity!

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Sire,

Your Majesty's most faithful subject,

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Othello's Apology.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend Seigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with——

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery: of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heav'n,
 It was my bent to speak—All these to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline,
 But still the house-affairs would draw her hence,
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means,
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains, a world of sighs,
 She swore. in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pittiful, 'twas wond'rous pittiful——
 She wish'd she had not heard it——yet she wish'd
 That heav'n had made her such a man :—She thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake ;
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had past ;
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

SHAKESPEARE.

Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.——
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you ;
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
 For once upon a raw and gusty day
 The troubled Tyber chasing with his shores,
 Cæsar says to me, dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow ; so, indeed, he did,

"Wielded at will the fierce democracy,
 "And fulmin'd over Greece to Macedon
 "And Artaxerxes' Throne."

O, could we but light upon these chosen spirits, these minds which can balance themselves and millions of other men! Could Dickinson present among her sons, an array hostile, terrible, destructive, to all the legions of infidelity and misrule, she might well hold up her head amid the seminaries of the nation, and receive their homage, not less freely granted than richly merited.

On subordination to authority. I regret to say that in all the departments of society, from the parental controul to that of the government, this is held by our youth in too little esteem. Their ambition, very early evinced, is to be manly and to be free. They are, therefore, prone to spurn restraint and to take their own way: esteemed that to be a noble spirit which acknowledges no superior; and that to be true liberty which follows its own pleasure. That the prevalence of such a temper should produce wide spreading mischief, is manifest to every sound thinker; and often to the youth themselves, when it is too late to undo the consequences. In the mean time it militates alike against the very constitution of our nature—against the most express commandments of God—and against those principles of action which, at all times and in every place, but from peculiar causes, in the present day and in our own country, are necessary to the order of society and the happiness of individuals.

It militates against the very *constitution of our nature*. It is not for nothing; it is for benign and wise purposes, that our Creator has determined we should come into the world utterly feeble and helpless. The first friend whom the infant recognizes, is his mother. To her tenderness, her watchfulness, her patience, he probably owes more than to the kindness of any of his species. Under her gentle auspices the first buddings of his rational nature begin to unfold. To her is allotted the delightful province of teaching "the young idea how to shoot," of moulding the heart—of cherishing all its amiable and generous affections—of storing it with the "sweet charities" of life—of leading it in filial piety, to God the sovereign good. The rudiments of many a character distinguished for virtues honoured both on earth and in heaven, can be traced to the nursery and the lap. O most charming employment! rich compensation for the seclusion, the anxieties, the pains, to which the sex is destined! O most refreshing abatement of the sorrows of that cup which has been assigned to woman for her priority in transgression!

Then comes the father, appointed by the divine mandate to be the head of the domestic establishment. His family is his kingdom; his children are his subjects; and he is the governour in his own house. These young subjects are submitted to his rule: he knows best, at least better than they, what is for their good. His authority is to be their reason for many, for most things, while they are quite young. And should they prove refractory, his superior physical force can, and should, constrain their submission. If therefore, *both* parents perform their duty, their children, notwithstanding the dreadful drawback of human depravity, will generally grow up trained to obedience. Their habits will be incorporated into their character. They cannot become rude and disorderly without violating all sense of decorum and gratitude; and breaking through, besides, all their early habits. The common sense of mankind is in accordance with all this. A rough, surly, ungovernable, boy, there is nothing more common than to call an *unnatural child*. Thus are children, by the very condition of their being, made fit subjects for order which "is Heaven's first law." And he who requites his parents care, by vicious courses, by giving

himself up to the service of iniquity, which is the essential *disorder* though he should be one of the "fairest spirits," that ever "lost heaven" and should be plausible and seducing as Belial himself, deserves no other appellation than that of a *monster*.

I have said that education includes the cultivation of *manners*. I mean by *manners* all those lighter things in conduct, which though they do not occupy the rank of *morals*, do yet belong to the embellishments and ornaments of life.

I hardly know how it has happened, that a "scholar," is become a common term for every thing unpolished and uncouth. Some men, indeed, by the greatness of their genius, and the immensity of their erudition, have attained a sort of privileged exemption from the common courtesies of society. But the misery is that the same exemption is claimed by those who have only rudeness, which they mistake for genius; and disregard of civility, which passes with them for erudition. Thus, if scholars are sometimes awkward and absent, every awkward, inattentive creature calls himself a scholar. Just as, to use a comparison of the late Mr. Gouverneur Morris, "because statesmen have been called knaves, every knave should, of course, suppose himself a statesman." Certain however, it is, that no young men have enjoyed the reputation of being ill-bred, upmannerly, and vulgar, more than Students of Colleges. How is this? Is there any thing in the retreats of the muses to cherish ferocity? Do men necessarily become brutes, when the world gives them credit for becoming philosophers? Does the acquisition of science, especially moral science, involve the destruction of decency? So that after a young man has left college laden with all its honours, he has again to be put to school, in practical life, before he can be fit for the company of gentlemen and ladies? I blush to think that the place, which of all others, is supposed to teach a young man manners, is the *army*: That the kindness, the courtesy, the chivalry of life, should be associated with the trade of blood! That the pistol and the dagger, should be the measure of morals and of politeness, with *gentlemen*: and that when they have trampled under their feet every law of God and man; and all that is dear to human happiness, and ought to be of high account in human society, is made the sport of momentary passion, they should still be allowed to pass for men of *breeding*, and *honour*! "There is something rotten in the state of Denmark!"

What then is the government which ought to be pursued, and will perform such miracles among young men? One which is very plain, very simple, though unhappily not very common; and one which will carry the process through from a family up to a nation. The whole secret consists in being *reasonable*, being *firm*, and being *uniform*.

1. In being *reasonable*. Whatever you require, must be such as cannot fairly be objected to: such as belong to the situation, of your pupil, his duties, and his time of life. It is a very strong point gained to have his conscience on your side. You are not to demand what he is unable to perform. And if such happen to be his situation, it must be altered accordingly. Great care must then be taken to see that your commands are *reasonable*; this matter being settled, I say:

2. That a good government ought to be *firm*. Intreaty and supplication ought to have no more influence upon its proceedings, than upon the bench of the Supreme court; and a youth should count no more upon its pliancy. I do not mean to assert, that a teacher or governor of youth should never acknowledge an error; or that he should obstinately adhere to a thing because he has said or ordered it. He is a miserable pauper whom the loss of a six pence will bankrupt; and in intellectual matters he is no richer, who cannot afford to confess a mistake. He must not, indeed, do this often. But occasionally, as *humanum est errare*, he may by owning

that he has been mistaken, doing it freely, doing it magnanimously, attach the affections of the youth very strongly to his person, and affirm his authority by those very means which would weaken it in an undecided and incapable man.

3. I add, once more, that a government, to be good for any thing, must be *uniform*. By uniform, I mean that it shall be habitually the same thing; that when you have its decisions at one time, you know where to find them at another: that it shall not be marked by whim: shall not be moved out of its course by gusts of passion: shall not, in a fit of great good humour, allow to-day what in a fit of ill-humour it will forbid to-morrow. Shall not, therefore, tease and vex the subjects of it by its fickleness, and variability. These should always know what they have to depend upon; and not see the elements of *order* disturbed and broken up, by the prevalence of official *disorder*.

Against a government administered upon such principles, and marked in its several acts by courtesy, by kindness, by the frankness and dignity of gentlemen, I am persuaded that depravity herself could not muster up any thing like a formidable conspiracy.

Such, gentlemen, we profess to be our aim; and in the prosecution of such an aim we feel confident of your support. Although we do not expect to have much, if any, reason to apply for it. We do hope, that an appeal to the understanding, the magnanimity, the conscience, of the students, will effectually preclude those scenes of misrule which have occasionally tarnished the history of other Colleges; and that affection will do for us, what the exercise of mere authority has not been able to do for others, attach the students more and more to the interests of their *Alma Mater*.

On the necessity of Learning in the Ministers of the Gospel.—BY THE REV. P. LINDSLEY.

But, brethern, allow me to appeal to facts. What says the history of the christian church? Go to its commencement. Examine the qualifications of its original founders. We have already hinted at their peculiar and distinguishing advantages and prerogatives: such as have never since been enjoyed or possessed. Who succeeded them? Men of the greatest learning then in the world. Men of whom the world was unworthy. Men who could put all Grecian and all Roman science to the blush:—who could meet the aged philosopher and the wily sophist on their own ground:—Clemens, Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin, Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, Cypræn, Eusebius, Athanasius, Basil, Chrysostom, Lactantius, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, and a host of martyrs and fathers too numerous to mention.

When learning declined, religion degenerated. When learning had vanished, religion was nearly extinct. When letters revived, religion again flourished and assumed a purer form.

Who were the first to discover, expose, refute, condemn, and demolish the papal errors and the papal tyranny? Who, but the men of the largest minds and the greatest learning? Need I name Wickliff, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, Knox, and a hundred others, as eminent for literature as religion; for integrity and courage as for zeal and ardour in the cause of truth: who nobly dared to stem the torrent which had nearly deluged the christian world, and nearly buried in ruins the whole christian fabrick?

Shall I trace the progress of religion from that bright epoch when the Sun of the Reformation first rose above the horizon and began to dispel the

darkness of a long dismal night which seemed to threaten an endless duration, down to the present time? What is the character of the men who have laboured in the field and on the battle-ground with most efficiency and success? Who have written books, and thundered in the pulpit, with argument and eloquence irresistible and overwhelming? Were they not the most acute, best disciplined, most profoundly erudite of the ages in which they flourished? Shall I come nearer to your own times and to your own doors? Shall I invoke the spirits of a Hammond, an Owen, a Baxter, a Flavel, a Stillingfleet, a Tillotson, an Eliot, a Swartz, a John, an Edwards, a Davies, a Whitefield, a Horsley, a Porteus, a Buchanan, a Witherspoon?—but the catalogue would be endless.

The history of christianity is a triumphant refutation of the heresy and the slander that learning is unnecessary, or that it is unfriendly to genuine religion. It exhibits proof most positive that without learning nothing has been or could have been effected. That zeal without knowledge leads to fanaticism, to error, to superstition, to enthusiasm;—to abuses and heresies the most absurd and abominable.

On this topic I might indulge in a variety of illustration from facts. I could summon your attention to a thousand mournful evidences of the danger of suffering self-sufficient aspiring ignorance to obtrude itself into the direction and government of the church.

Commissioned by his divine Master to proclaim glad tidings of peace to the perishing: he labours to fulfil the object of his embassy with a zeal, a patience, a perseverance, which no earthly considerations could inspire: and which no earthly discouragements or difficulties can damp or destroy.

Is he an enthusiast; is he an impostor? There may be enthusiasts; there may be hypocrites; there may be wolves in sheep's clothing invested with this sacred character. But what then? Does this fact afford any sound argument against the sincerity and good faith of the whole body of christian ministers? What *good* thing is there in the universe which has not been abused and counterfeited? What wise and benevolent institution has ever existed free from contamination and perversion? Strange, indeed, would it be, if religion: if the christian religion: and the ministers of this religion, did not occasionally share the corruption, degeneracy, and abuse which are inseparable from all things here below. There is no form of virtue, no disguise of religion which has not been assumed as a convenient mask for the worst of crimes. And this fact operates with no less force to the disadvantage of natural religion; of natural or political virtue; of human learning and wisdom; and of every thing which the world calls great and good; than it does to the disparagement of christianity and its advocates. This species of argument therefore has no application to the case. Or, if it have, it would equally demolish the systems of the sage and the moralist: of the believer and the infidel. It would leave us nothing but one vast wild of hideous ruin and deformity: of hopeless misery and wickedness. Beware then of this subtle, insinuating exterminating logic. It is unsound and illiberal. And none but the enemies of truth and piety can employ it.

Christianity is the only system of religion at present known in the world which can lay just claims to a heavenly origin. If it be true, its own infallible oracles declare the appointment, and the necessity of continuing forever a ministry in the church. And how can this ministry be perpetuated except by the regular education of a competent number of young men to supply the places of those vacated by age, infirmity, and death: and to meet the growing demands of an enlarged and daily increasing church? What mode of education can be devised better adapted to meet these wants, than public seminaries exclusively devoted to this object under the spe-

cial superintendence and control of the church itself? I propose this question with perfect confidence that a negative reply *cannot* be made to it; and will not be made to it, by the wise, the judicious, and the pious.

The exigency of the case suggests this as the only natural and efficient method of furnishing an adequate supply of faithful and enlightened pastors and missionaries for the vast evangelized and unevangelized regions of this almost boundless continent: whose population is annually augmenting in a ratio which confounds all computation: whose spiritual wants of course are multiplying with equal rapidity: and to a degree, which almost overwhelms with discouragement the pious philanthropist while contemplating this great moral wilderness which is scarcely illumined by a ray of gospel light. Surely it is time for the friends of religion and humanity to awake from their slumbers, and to put forth all their strength in one grand effort to meliorate the condition of the countless thousands of our own countrymen who are literally perishing for lack of knowledge: yes, at this moment destitute of the ordinary means of grace;—without bibles and without ministers.

There is now a grand movement in the camp of Israel. Arise and come forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Behold the progress of heresy and infidelity under the disguise of *rational christianity*. See the artifice of the great destroyer in these latter days. He has commissioned his emissaries to assume the garb and the functions of the ministers of the gospel, that they may the more effectually sap the foundation of the whole christian edifice. He has enlisted talents, and learning, and indefatigable enterprise in this work of desolation. He has taught the deistical scoffer at revelation to step a little aside from his accustomed track; and to come forward in a new shape, but with the same malignant hostility against the truth. He is now willing to be esteemed a catholic liberal christian. But he rejects the essential divinity of the Saviour; the depravity of human nature; the doctrine of the atonement, and of justification by faith.—Or, he is a christian without holding one principle of the christian religion which can distinguish it from the religion of nature. Modern unitarianism, which is every where insinuating itself into the hearts of men naturally predisposed to its reception, because it is exactly suited to the natural-character of men, is more to be dreaded than any species of infidelity ever yet avowed. It is a deadly enemy, wearing the mask and the name of a friend.

The following SERMON, was delivered on a missionary occasion, in Tottenham-Court-Chapel, LONDON, by the Rev'd. J. M. Mason, D. D. late provost of Columbia College, but now President of Dickinson-College, Carlisle, (Penn.) It is with no ordinary emotions of pleasure that it is presented to the public in this compilation.—As all intelligent and correct reasoners will acknowledge, that it exhibits the “truth of God, and the way to eternal life;” and persons of refined taste will find it to be one of the most interesting, splendid, and highly finished productions of the present age. The Compiler will only add—let students in divinity eclipse it if in their power.

MESSIAH'S THRONE.

HEB. i.—8.—But unto the Son, he saith, Thy Throne, O God, is for ever and ever.

IN the all-important argument which occupies this epistle, Paul assumes, what the believing Hebrews had already professed, that Jesus of Nazareth is the true Messiah. To prepare them for the consequences of their own principle; a principle involving nothing less than the abolition of their law, the subversion of their state, the ruin of their city, the final extinction of their carnal hopes, he leads them to the doctrine of their Redeemer's person in order to explain the nature of his offices, to evince the value of his spiritual salvation, and to show, in both, the accomplishment of their economy which was ‘now ready to vanish away’ Under no apprehension of betraying the unwary into idolatrous homage, by giving to the Lord Jesus greater glory than is ‘due unto his name;’ the apostle sets out with ascribing to him excellence and attributes which belong to no creature. Creatures of most elevated rank are introduced; but it is to display, by contrast, the pre-eminence of Him who is ‘the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person.’ Angels are great in might, and in dignity; but ‘unto them hath he not put in subjection the world to come.—Unto which of them said he at any time, Thou art my son?’ To which of them, ‘Sit thou at my right hand?’ He saith, they are spirits, ‘ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them who are the Heirs of salvation.’ *But unto the SON*, in a style which annihilates competition and comparison unto the SON he saith, *thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.*

Brethren, If the majesty of Jesus is the subject which the Holy Ghost selected for the encouragement and consolation of his people, when he was shaking the earth and the heavens, and diffusing his gospel among the nations; can it be otherwise than suitable and precious to us on this occasion? Shall it not expand our views, and warm our hearts, and nerve our arm, in

our efforts to exalt his fame? Let me implore then, the aid of your prayers; but far more importunately the aids of his own Spirit, while I speak of "the things which concern the king:" those great things contained in the text—his personal glory—his sovereign rule—

I. His *personal glory* shines forth in the name by which he is revealed; a name above every name, *thy throne*—O God!

To the single eye nothing can be more evident, in the

First place, than that the Holy Ghost here asserts the *essential deity* of our Lord Jesus Christ. Of his enemies, whom he will 'make his footstool,' some have, indeed, controverted this position, and endeavoured to blot out the text from the catalogue of his witnesses. Instead of 'thy throne, O God;' they would compel us by a perversion of phraseology, of figure, and of sense, to read, 'God is thy throne;' converting the great and dreadful God into a symbol of authority in one of his own creatures. The scriptures, it seems, may utter contradictions, or impiety, but the divinity of the Son they shall not attest. The crown however, which 'flourishes on his head,' is not to be torn away; nor the anchor of our hope to be wrested from us, by the rude hand of licentious criticism.

I cannot find, in the lively oracles, a single distinctive mark of deity which is not applied, without reserve or limitation, to the only begotten Son. 'All things whatsoever the Father hath, are *his*.' *Who* is that mysterious Word, that was, 'in the *beginning*, with God?' *Who* is the 'Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last, the Almighty?' *Who* is he that 'knows what is in man,' because he searches the deep and dark recesses of the heart? *Who* is the Omnipresent, that has promised. 'Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them?' the light of whose countenance is, at the same moment, the joy of heaven, and the salvation of earth? who is incircled by the Seraphim on high, and 'walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks?' who is in this assembly; in all the assemblies of his people? in every worshipping family? in every closet of prayer? in every holy heart? 'Whose hands have stretched out the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth?' *Who* hath replenished them with inhabitants, and garnished them with beauty, having created all things that are in both, 'visible and invisible; whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers?' By *whom* do 'all things consist?' *Who* is 'the governor among the nations, having on his vesture and on his thigh a name written 'King of kings and Lord of lords.' *Whom* is it the Father's will that 'all men should honour, even as they honour himself? *Whom* has he commanded his angels to worship? whom to obey? Before *whom* do the devils tremble? *Who* is qualified to redeem millions of sinners 'from the wrath to come,' and preserve them, by his grace, to his everlasting kingdom? *Who* raiseth the dead, 'having life in himself, to quicken whom he will,' so that at his voice, 'all who are in their graves shall come forth;—and death and hell' surrender their numerous and forgotten captives? *Who* shall weigh, in the balance of judgment, the destinies of angels and men? dispose of the thrones of paradise? and bestow eternal life? Shall I submit to the decision of reason? Shall I ask a response from heaven? Shall I summon the devils from their 'chains of darkness?' The response from heaven sounds in my ears; reason approves, and the devils confess—*This, O Christians, is none other than the GREAT GOD our SAVIOUR!*

Indeed, my brethren, the doctrine of our Lord's divinity is not, as a *fact*, more interesting to our faith, than, as a *principle*, it is essential to our hope. If he were not 'the true God,' he could not be 'eternal life.' When pressed down by guilt and languishing for happiness, I look around for a deliverer such as my conscience and my heart and the word of God assure me I need, insult not my agony, by directing me to a creature—to a man, a mere man like myself! A creature! a man! My Redeemer owns my *person*. My immortal spirit is his *property*. When I come to die, I must commit it into his hands. My soul! My infinitely precious soul committed to a mere man! become the property of a mere man! I would not, thus, entrust my *body*, to the highest angel who burns in the temple above. It is only the 'Father of spirits,' that can have *property* in spirits, and be their refuge in the hour of transition from the present to the approaching world. In short, my brethren, the divinity of Jesus, is, in the system of grace, the sun to which all its parts are subordinate, and all their stations refer—which binds them in sacred concord; and imparts to them their radiance, and life, and vigour. Take from it this central luminary, and the glory is departed—Its holy harmonies are broken—The elements rush to chaos—The light of salvation is extinguished for ever!

But it is not the deity of the Son, simply considered, to which the text confines our attention. We are in the

Second place to contemplate it as subsisting in a personal union with the human nature.

Long before this epistle was written had he 'by himself purged our sins, and sat down at the right hand of the majesty on high.' It is, therefore, as 'God manifested in the flesh;' as my own brother, while he is 'the express image of the Father's person,' as the Mediator of the new covenant, that he is seated on the throne. Of this throne, to which the pretensions of a creature were mad and blasphemous, the majesty is, indeed, maintained by his divine power; but the foundation is laid in his Mediatorial character. I need not prove to this audience, that all his gracious offices and all his redeeming work originated in the love and the election of his Father. Obedient to that will, which fully accorded with his own, he came down from heaven; tabernacled in our clay; was 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs;' submitted to the 'contradictions of sinners,' the temptations of the old Serpent, and the wrath of an avenging God. In the merit of his obedience, which threw a lustre round the divine law; and in the atonement of his death by which 'he offered himself a sacrifice without spot unto God,' repairing the injuries of man's rebellion, expiating sin through the blood of his cross; and conciliating its pardon with infinite purity, and unalterable truth; summarily, in his performing those conditions on which was suspended all God's mercy to man, and all man's enjoyment of God, in these stupendous 'works of righteousness' are we to look for the cause of his present glory. 'He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God Father.' 'Exalted,' thus, 'to be a Prince and a Saviour, he fills heaven with his beauty, and obtains from its blest inhabitants, the

purest and most reverential praise. 'Worthy,' cry the mingled voices of his angels and his redeemed, 'worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.' 'Worthy,' again cry his redeemed, in a song which belongs not to the angels, but in which with holy ecstasy, we will join, 'worthy art thou, for thou was slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.'

Delightful, brethren, transcendently delightful were it to dwell upon this theme. But we must refrain; and having taken a transient glance at our Redeemer's personal glory, let us turn to the

II view which the text exhibits—the view of his *sovereign rule*—*Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.*

The mediatorial kingdom of Christ Jesus, directed and upheld by his divinity, is now the object of our contemplation. To advance Jehovah's glory in the salvation of men, is the purpose of its erection. Though earth is the scene and human life the limit, of those great operations by which they are interested in its mercies, and prepared for its consummation; its principles, its provisions, its issues are eternal. When it rises up before us in all its grandeur of design, collecting and conducting to the heavens of God, millions of immortals, in comparison with the least of whom the destruction of the material universe were a thing of nought, whatever the carnal mind calls vast and magnificent, shrinks away into nothing.

But it is not so much the nature of Messiah's kingdom on which I am to insist, as its *stability*, its *administration*, and the *prospects* which they open to the church of God.

Messiah's throne is not one of those airy fabrics which are reared by vanity and overthrown by Time: it is fixed of old: it is stable and cannot be shaken, for,

(1.) It is the throne of God. He who sitteth on it is the Omnipotent. Universal being is in his hand. Revolution, force, fear, as applied to his kingdom, are words without meaning. Rise up in rebellion, if thou hast courage. Associate with thee the whole mass of infernal power. Begin with the ruin of whatever is fair and good in this little globe—Pass from hence to pluck the Sun out of his place—and roll the volume of desolation through the starry world—What hast thou done unto him? It is the puny menace of a worm against Him whose frown is perdition. 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh.'

(2.) With the stability which Messiah's Godhead communicates to his throne, let us connect the stability resulting from his Father's covenant.

His throne is founded not merely in strength, but in right. God hath laid the government upon the shoulder of his holy child Jesus, and set him upon mount Zion as his king for ever. He has promised, and sworn, to 'build up his throne to all generations;' to 'make it endure as the days of heaven;' to 'beat down his foes before his face, and plague them that hate him. But my faithfulness,' adds he, 'and my mercy shall be with him, and in my name shall his horn be exalted. Hath he said it? and will he not do it? Hath he spoken it, and shall it not come to pass?' Whatever disappointments rebuke the visionary projects of men, or the more crafty schemes of Satan, 'the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand.' The blood of sprinkling, which sealed all the promises made to Messiah, and binds down his Father's faithfulness to their accomplishment, witnesses continually in the heavenly sanctuary.—

'He must,' therefore, 'reign till he have put all his enemies under his feet.' And although the dispensation of his authority shall, upon this event, be changed; and he shall deliver it up, in its present form, to the Father, he shall still remain, in his substantial glory, 'a priest upon his throne,' to be the eternal bond of our union, and the eternal medium of our fellowship, with the living God.

Seeing that the throne of our King is as immovable as it is exalted, let us 'with joy draw water out of that well of salvation' which is opened to us in the *Administration* of his kingdom. Here we must consider *its general characters*, and the *means* by which it operates.

The general characters which I shall illustrate, are the following.

(1.) *Mystery*.—He is the unsearchable God, and his government must be like himself. *Facts* concerning both, he has graciously revealed. These we must admit upon the credit of his own testimony; with these we must satisfy our wishes, and limit our inquiry. 'To intrude into those things which he hath not seen' because God has not disclosed them, whether they relate to his arrangements for this world or the next, is the arrogance of one 'vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind.' There are secrets in our Lord's procedure which he will not explain to us in this life, and which may not, perhaps, be explained in the life to come. We cannot tell how he makes evil the minister of good: how he combines physical and moral agencies of different kind and order, in the production of blessings. We cannot so much as conjecture what bearings the system of redemption, in every part of its process, may have upon the relations of the universe; nor even what may be all the connections of providence in the occurrences of this moment, or of the last. 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for us! it is high, we cannot attain it.' Our Sovereign's 'way is in the sea, and his path in the deep waters; and his footsteps are not known.' When, therefore, we are surrounded with difficulty; when we cannot unriddle his conduct in particular dispensations, we must remember that he is God; that we are to 'walk by faith;' and to trust him as implicitly when we are in 'the valley of the shadow of death,' as when his 'candle shines upon our heads.'—We must remember that it is not for us to be admitted into the cabinet of the King of kings; that creatures constituted as we are could not sustain the view of his unveiled agency; that it would confound, and scatter, and annihilate our little intellects. As often, then, as he retires from our observation, blending goodness with majesty, let us lay our hands upon our mouths, and worship. This stateliness of our King can afford us no just ground of uneasiness. On the contrary it contributes to our tranquility: For we know,

(2.) That if his administration is mysterious, it is also *wise*.

'Great is our Lord, and of great power; his understanding is infinite.' That infinite understanding watches over, and arranges, and directs all the affairs of his church and of the world. *We* are perplexed at every step; embarrassed by opposition; lost in confusion; fretted by disappointment; and ready to conclude, in our haste, that all things are against our own good and our Master's honour. But 'this is our infirmity;' it is the dictate of impatience and indiscretion. We forget the 'years of the right hand of the Most High.' We are slow of heart in learning a lesson which shall soothe our spirits at the expence of our pride. We turn away from the consolation to be derived from believing that though we know not the connections

and results of holy providence, our Lord Jesus knows them perfectly. With him there is no irregularity, no chance, no conjecture. Disposed, before his eye, in the most luminous and exquisite order, the whole series of events occupy the very place and crisis where they are most effectually to subserve the purposes of his love. Not a moment of time is wasted, nor a fragment of action misapplied. What he does, we do not, indeed, know at present, but, as far as we shall be permitted to know hereafter, we shall see that his most inscrutable procedure was guided by consummate wisdom; that our choice was often as foolish as our petulance was provoking; that the success of our own wishes would have been our most painful chastisement; would have diminished our happiness, and detracted from his praise. Let us study, therefore, brethren, to subject our ignorance to his knowledge; instead of prescribing, to obey; instead of questioning, to believe: to perform our part without that despondency which betrays a fear that our Lord may neglect his; and tacitly accuses him of a less concern than we feel for the glory of his own name. Let us not shrink from this duty as imposing too rigorous a condition upon our obedience, for a

(3.) Character of Messiah's administration is *righteousness*. 'The sceptre of his kingdom is a right sceptre.' If 'Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.' In the times of old his redeemed 'wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; but, nevertheless, he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.' He loves his church and the members of it too tenderly to lay upon them any burdens, or expose them to any trials, which are not indispensable to their good. It is right for them to 'go through fire, and through water,' that he may 'bring them out into a wealthy place' right to 'endure chastening,' that 'they may be partakers of his holiness'—right to have the sentence of death in themselves, that they may 'trust in the living God; and that his strength may be perfect in their weakness.' It is right that he should 'endure with much long suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction:' that he should permit 'iniquity to abound, the love of many to wax cold,' and the dangers of his church to accumulate, till the interposition of his arm be necessary and decisive. In the day of final retribution not one mouth shall be opened to complain of injustice. It will be seen that 'the Judge of all the earth has done right; that the works of his hands have been verity and judgment,' and done, every one of them, in 'truth and uprightness.' Let us, then, think not only respectfully, but reverently of his dispensations, repress the voice of murmur, and rebuke the spirit of discontent, wait, in faith and patience, till he become his own interpreter, when 'the heavens shall declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.'

You will anticipate me in enumerating the *means* which Messiah employs in the administration of his kingdom.

(1.) The *Gospel*, of which himself, as an all-sufficient and condescending Saviour, is the great and affecting theme. Derided by the world, it is, nevertheless, effectual to the salvation of them who believe. 'We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but to them who are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God' The doctrine of the cross connected with evangelical ordinances—the ministry of reconciliation; the holy sabbath; the

sacraments of his covenant: briefly, the whole system of instituted worship, is the 'rod of the Redeemer's strength' by which he subdues sinners to himself; rules even 'in the midst of his enemies,' exercises his glorious authority in his church, and exhibits a visible proof to men and angels, that he is King in Zion.

(2) The efficient means to which the gospel owes its success, and the name of Jesus its praise, is the *agency of the Holy Ghost*.

Christianity is 'the ministration of the Spirit.' All real and sanctifying knowledge of the truth and love of God is from his inspiration. It was the last, and best promise which the Saviour made to his afflicted disciples at the moment of parting, 'I will send the *Comforter*, the Spirit of truth; He shall glorify me, for he shall take of mine and shall show it unto you.' It is he who convinces the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment'—who infuses resistless vigour into means otherwise weak and useless. 'For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God,' God the Spirit, 'to the pulling down of strong holds' Without his benediction the ministry of an archangel would never 'convert one sinner from the error of his way.' But when he descends, with his life-giving influence from God out of heaven, then 'foolish things of the world confound the wise; and weak things of the world confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, yea, and things which are not, bring to nought things which are.' It is this ministration of the Spirit which renders the preaching of the gospel to 'men dead in trespasses and sins' a *reasonable service*. When I am set down in the 'valley of vision,' and view the bones, 'very many and very dry,' and am desired to try the effect of my own ability in recalling them to life, I will fold my hands and stand mute in astonishment and despair. But when the Lord God commands me to speak in his name, my closed lips shall be opened; when he calls upon 'the breath from the four winds to breathe upon the slain that they may live,' I will prophesy without fear,— 'O ye dry bones, Hear the word of the Lord,' and, obedient to his voice, they 'shall come together, bone to his bone; shall be covered with sinews and flesh; shall receive new life: and 'stand up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.' In this manner, from the graves of nature, and the dry bones of natural men, does the Holy Spirit recruit the 'armies of the living God:' and make them, collectively and individually, 'a name, and a praise, and a glory,' to the 'Captain of their salvation.'

(3) Among the instruments which the Lord Jesus employs in the administration of his government, are the *resources of the physical and moral world*.

Supreme in heaven and in earth, 'upholding all things by the word of his power,' the universe is his magazine of means. Nothing which acts, or exists, is exempted from promoting, in its own place, the purposes of his kingdom. Beings rational and irrational; animate and inanimate; the heavens above and the earth below; the obedience of sanctified, and the disobedience of unsanctified men; all holy spirits; all damned spirits: in one word, every agency, every element, every atom, are but the ministers of his will, and concur in the execution of his designs. And this he will demonstrate to the confusion of his enemies, and the joy of his people, in that 'great and terrible day' when he 'shall sit upon the throne of his glory,' and dispense ultimate judgment to the quick and the dead.

Upon these hills of holiness, the stability of Messiah's Throne, and the

perfect administration of his kingdom, let us take our station, and survey the *Prospects* which rise up before the Church of God.

When I took upon the magnificent scene, I cannot repress the salutation, Hail thou that art highly favoured!

She has the prospect of preservation, of increase, and of triumph.

(1.) The prospect of *preservation*.

The long existence of the Christian church would be pronounced, upon common principles of reasoning, impossible. She finds in every man a natural and inveterate enemy. To encounter and overcome the unanimous hostility of the world, she boasts no political stratagem, no disciplined legions, no outward coercion of any kind. Yet her expectation is that she shall live for ever. To mock this hope, and blot out her memorial from under heaven, the most furious efforts of fanaticism, the most ingenious arts of statesmen, the concentrated strength of empires, have been frequently and perseveringly applied. The blood of her sons and her daughters has streamed like water, the smoke of the scaffold and the stake, where they won the crown of martyrdom in the cause of Jesus, has ascended in thick volumes to the skies. The tribes of persecution have sported over her woes, and erected monuments, as they imagined, of her perpetual ruin. But where are her tyrants, and where their empires? the tyrants have long since gone to their own place; their names have descended upon the roll of infamy; their empires have passed, like shadows over the rock—they have successively disappeared, and left not a trace behind!

But what became of the church? She rose from her ashes fresh in beauty and in might. Celestial glory beamed around her; she dashed down the monumental marble of her foes, and they who hated her fled before her. She has celebrated the funeral of kings and kingdoms that plotted her destruction; and, with the inscriptions of their pride, has transmitted to posterity the record of their shame. How shall this phenomenon be explained? We are at the present moment, witnesses of the fact; but who can unfold the mystery. This blessed book, the book of truth and life, has made our wonder to cease. 'THE LORD HER GOD IN THE MIDST OF HER IS MIGHTY.' His presence is a fountain of health, and his protection a 'wall of fire.' He has betrothed her, in eternal covenant, to himself. Her living head, in whom she lives, is above, and his quickening Spirit shall never depart from her. Armed with Divine virtue, his gospel, secret, silent, unobserved, enters the hearts of men and sets up an everlasting kingdom. It eludes all the vigilance, and baffles all the power, of the adversary. Bars, and bolts, and dungeons are no obstacle to its approach: Bonds, and tortures, and death cannot extinguish its influence. Let no man's heart, tremble, then, because of fear. Let no man despair, in these days of rebuke and blasphemy, of the Christian cause. The ark is launched, indeed, upon the floods; the tempest sweeps along the deep; the billows break over her on every side. But Jehovah-Jesus has promised to conduct her in safety to the haven of peace. She cannot be lost unless the pilot perish. Why then do the heathen rage, and the people 'imagine a vain thing?' Hear, O Zion, the word of thy God, and rejoice for the consolation. 'No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me saith the Lord.'

More preservation, however, though a most comfortable, is not the only hope of the Church; she has

(2.) The prospect of *increase*.

Increase—from an effectual blessing upon the means of grace in places where they are already enjoyed: for thus saith the Lord, 'I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses.'

Increase—from the diffusion of evangelical truth through Pagan lands. 'For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.'

Increase—from the recovery of the rejected Jews to the faith and privileges of God's dear children. 'Blindness in part has happened unto Israel'—they have been cut off, for their unbelief, from the olive tree. Age has followed age, and they remain to this hour, spread over the face of the earth, a fearful and affecting testimony to the truth of God's word. They are without their sanctuary, without their Messiah, without the hope of their believing ancestors. But it shall not be always thus. They are still beloved for the Father's sake. When the 'fulness of the Gentiles shall come in,' they too shall be gathered. They shall discover, in our Jesus, the marks of the promised Messiah; and with tenderness proportioned to their former insensibility, shall cling to his cross. Grafted again into their own olive tree, 'all Israel shall be saved.' It was 'through their fall that salvation came unto us Gentiles.' And, 'if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?' What ecstasy, my brethren! the Gentile and the Jew taking 'sweet counsel together, and going to the house of God in company!' the path of the swift messenger of grace marked, in every direction, by the 'fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ' 'a nation born at once'—the children of Zion exclaiming, 'The place is too strait for me: give place to me that I may dwell.' The knowledge of Jehovah overspreading the earth 'as the waters cover the sea,' and all flesh enjoying the salvation of God!

This faith ushers in a

(3.) Prospect of the Church—the prospect of *triumph*.

Though often desolate, and 'afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted,' the Lord her God will then 'make her an eternal excellency,' and repay her sorrows with triumph.—

Triumph—in complete victory over the enemies who sought her hurt. 'the nation and kingdom,' saith the Lord, 'that will not serve thee shall perish; yea those nations shall be utterly wasted.—The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee; and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet; and they shall call thee the city of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel.' That great enemy of her purity and her peace, who shed the blood of her saints and her pro-

phets, the MAN OF SIN who has exalted himself above all that is called God,' shall appear, in the whole horror of his doom as the 'son of perdition, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming.' The terrible, but joyous event shall be announced by an angel from heaven 'crying mightily with a strong voice, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen!' 'ALLELUIA,' shall be the response of the Church universal, Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God, 'for true and righteous are his judgments; for he hath judged the great whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of his servants at her hand!' Then, too, 'the accuser of the brethren'—'that old serpent which is the Devil,' shall be cast down, 'and bound a thousand years that he shall deceive the nations no more'—This will introduce the Church's

Triumph—in the prevalence of righteousness and peace throughout the world.

'Her people shall be all righteous.' The voice of the blasphemer shall no longer insult her ear. Iniquity as ashamed shall stop its mouth, and hide its head. 'All her officers shall be peace, and all her exactors, righteousness.' 'The kings of the earth bringing their glory and honour unto her,' shall accomplish the gracious promise, 'The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills by righteousness.' Her prince whose throne is for ever and ever, 'shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more!' Every man shall meet, in every other man, a brother without dissimulation. Fear and the sword shall be far away, 'they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid.' For thus saith the Lord, 'Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation, and thy gates, Praise.'

Triumph—in the presence of God, in the communion of his love, and the signal manifestation of his glory. 'Behold the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.' Then shall be seen, 'the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God,' which 'shall have no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb shall be the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it,—and they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it; and there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.'

Such, according to the sure word of prophecy, will be the triumphs of Christianity: and to this issue all scriptural efforts to evangelize the heathen contribute their share. That mind is profane, indeed, which repels the sentiment of awe; and hard is the heart which feels no bland emotion.—But let us pause—You exult, perhaps, in the view of that happiness which is reserved for the human race; you long for its arrival; and are eager, in your place, to help on the gracious work. It is well. But are there no heathen in this assembly? Are there none who, in the midst of their zeal for foreign missions, forget their own souls; nor consider that they themselves 'neglect the great

Salvation? Remember, my brethren, that a man may be active in measures which shall subvert the conversion of others, and yet perish in his own iniquity. That very gospel which you desire to send to the Heathen, must be the gospel of *your* salvation; it must turn *you* from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God; it must make *you* 'meet for the inheritance of the saints,' or it shall fearfully aggravate your condemnation at last. You pray, 'Thy kingdom come.' But is the 'kingdom of God within *you*?' Is the Lord Jesus 'in you, the hope of glory?' Be not deceived. The name of Christian will not save you. Better had it been for you 'not to have known the way of 'righteousness'—better to have been the most idolatrous Pagan—better, infinitely better, not to have been born, than to die strangers to the pardon of the Redeemer's blood, and the sanctifying virtue of his Spirit. From his throne on high he calls; calls, my brethren to you, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else. Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near; Let the wicked forsake his way; and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.'

On the other hand, such as have 'fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them,' are commanded to be 'joyful in their king.' He reigns, O believer, for thee. The stability of his throne is thy safety. The administration of his government is for thy good; and the precious pledge that he 'will perfect that which concerneth thee.' In all thy troubles and in all thy joy 'commit thy way unto him.' He will guard the sacred deposit. Fear not that thou shalt 'lack any good thing'—Fear not that thou shalt be forsaken—Fear not that thou shalt fall beneath the 'arm of the oppressor.' 'He went through the fires of the pit to save thee; and he will stake all the glories of his crown to keep thee.' Sing, then, thou beloved, 'Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.'

And if we have 'tasted that he is gracious:' if we look back with horror and transport upon the wretchedness and the wrath which we have escaped, with what anxiety shall we not hasten to the aid of our fellow men, who are 'sitting in the region and shadow of death.' What zeal will be too ardent; what labour too persevering; what sacrifice too costly, if, by any means, we may tell them of Jesus, and the resurrection, and the life eternal! Who shall be daunted by difficulties, or deterred by discouragement? If but one Pagan should be brought, savingly, by your instrumentality, to the knowledge of God, and the kingdom of heaven, will you not, my brethren, have an ample recompence? Is there here a man who would give up all for lost because some favourite hope has been disappointed? or who regrets the worldly substance which he has expended on so divine an enterprise? Shame on thy coward spirit and thine avaricious heart! Do the Holy Scriptures, does the experience of ages, does the nature of things justify the expectation, that we shall carry war into the central regions of delusion and crime, without opposition, without trial? Show me a plan which encounters not fierce resistance from the Prince of Darkness and his allies in the human heart, and I will show you a plan which never came from the inspiration of God. If Missionary effort suffer occasional embarrassment: if impressions on the heathen be less speedy, and powerful, and extensive, than fond wishes have anticipated; if particular

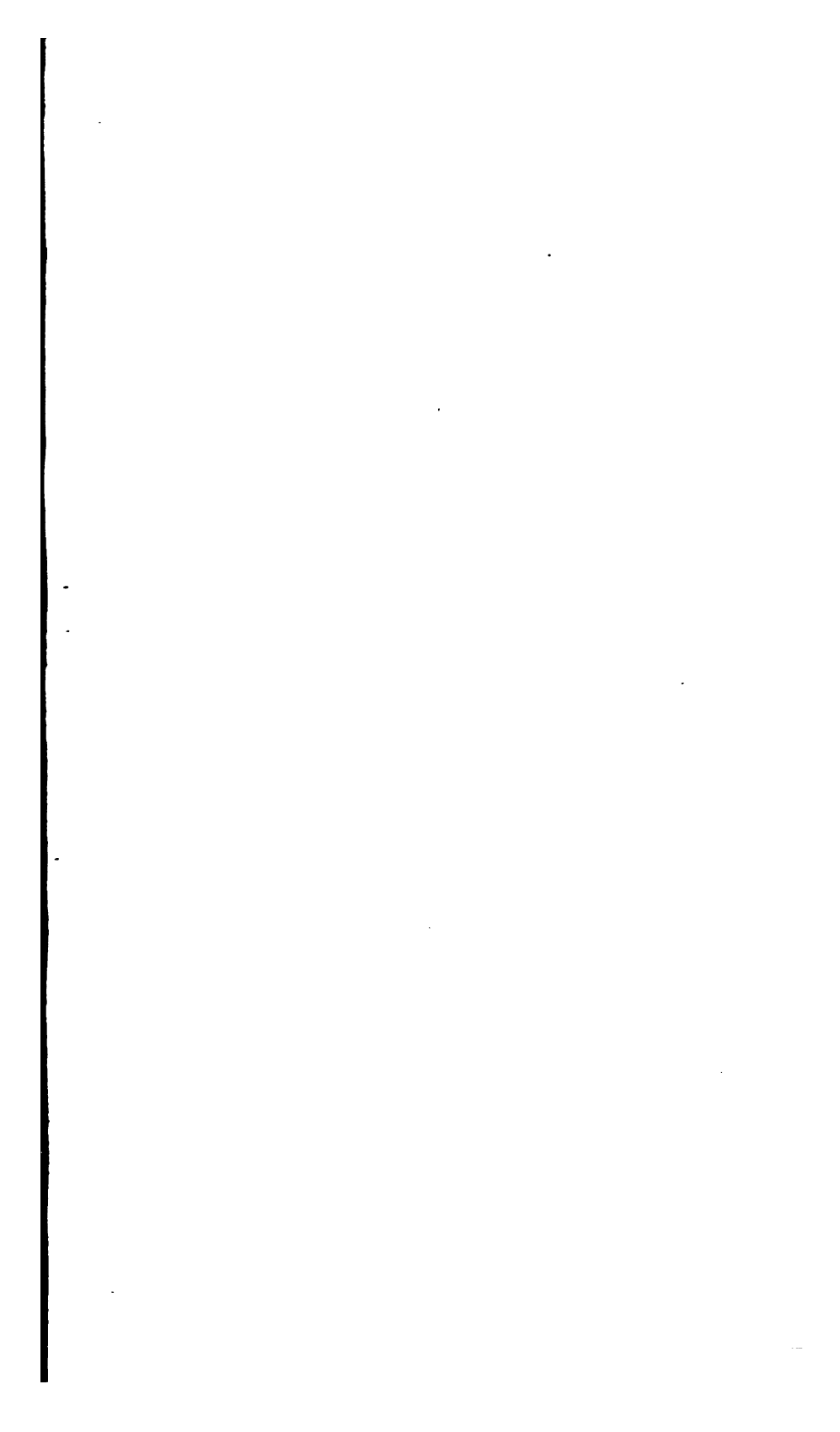
parts of the great system of operation be, at times, disconcerted: if any of the 'ministers of grace' fall a sacrifice to the violence of those whom they go to bless 'in the name of the Lord;' these are events which ought to exercise our faith and patience; to wean us from self-sufficiency; to teach us where our strength lies, and where our dependence must be fixed; but not to enfeeble hope, nor relax diligence. Let us not 'despise the day of small things.' Let us not overlook, as an unimportant matter, the *very existence* of that Missionary spirit which has already awakened Christians in different countries from their long and dishonourable slumbers, and bids fair to produce, in due season, 'a general movement of the church upon earth.' Let us not, for one instant, harbour the ungracious thought, that the prayers, and tears, and wrestlings of those who 'make mention of the Lord,' form no link in that vast chain of events by which he 'will establish, and will make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.' That dispensation which of all others is most repulsive to 'flesh and blood,' the violent death of faithful Missionaries, should animate Christians with new resolution. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' The cry of martyred blood ascends the heavens; it enters into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.' It will give him no rest till he 'rain down righteousness' upon the land where it has been shed, and which it has sealed as a future conquest for him who 'in his majesty rides prosperously because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness.'

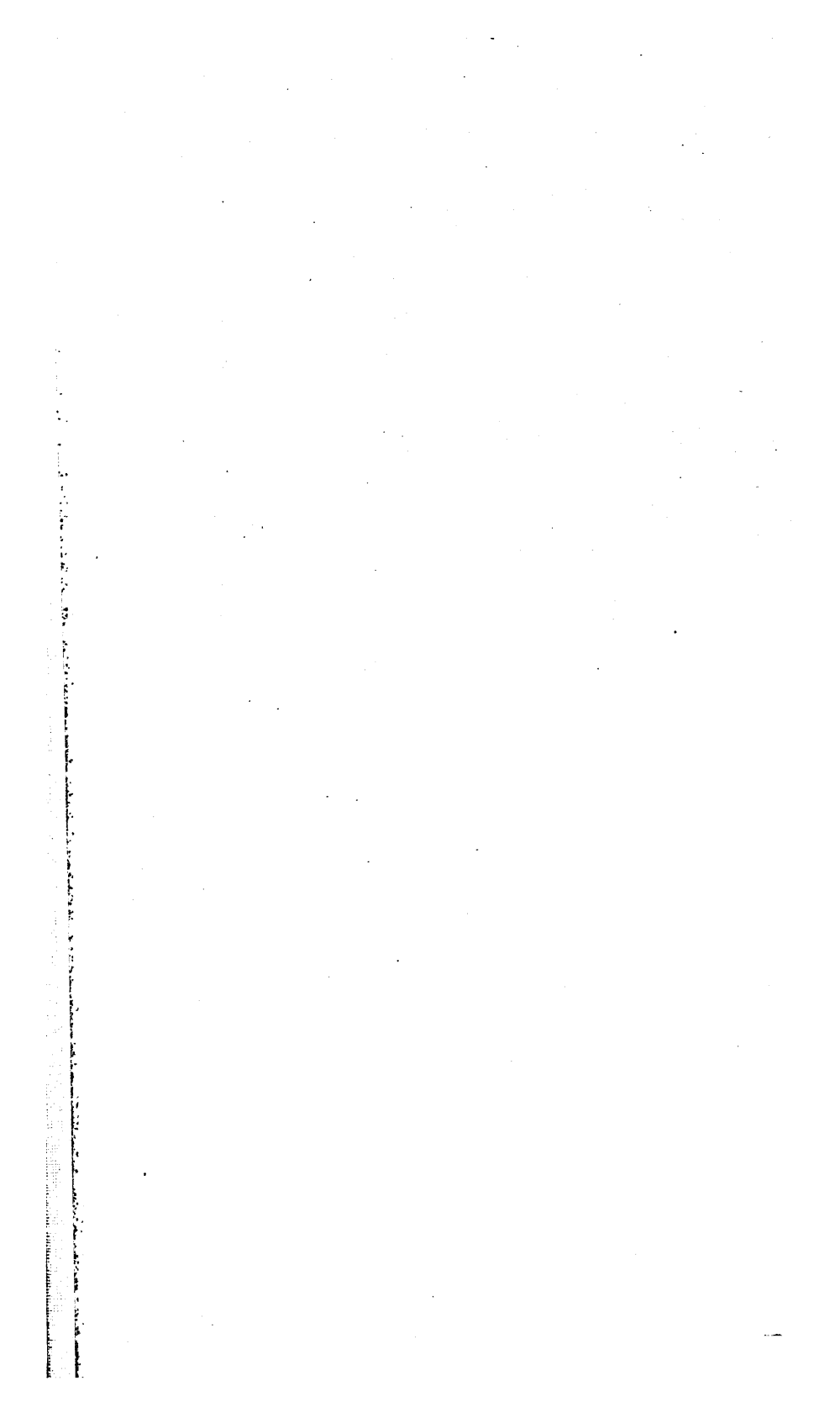
For the world, indeed; and perhaps for the church, many calamities and trials are in store, before the glory of the Lord shall be so revealed, that 'all flesh shall see it together,' 'I will shake all nations,' is the divine declaration, 'I will shake all nations; and the desire of all nations shall come.' The vials of wrath which are now running, and others which remain to be poured out, must be exhausted. The 'supper of the great God,' must be prepared, and his 'strange work,' have its course. Yet the Missionary cause must ultimately succeed. It is the cause of God, and *shall* prevail. The days, O brethren, roll rapidly on, when the shout of the isles shall swell the thunder of the Continent: when the Thames and the Danube, when the Tiber and the Rhine, shall call upon Euphrates, the Ganges, and the Nile; and the loud concert shall be joined by the Hadson, the Mississippi, and the Amazon, singing with one heart and one voice, Alleluia! Salvation! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth

Comfort one another with this faith, and with these words.

Now, 'Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name for ever: And LET THE WHOLE EARTH BE FILLED WITH HIS GLORY! Amen! and Amen!'

FINIS.







MAR 14 1955

